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SIXPENCE.

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BEFORE THE LARGEST MONASTERY IN THE WORLD: THE BRITISH DEMONSTRATION AT THE DAIPUNG LAMASERY.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT RYBOT.

The Darpung Monastery, situated about a mile from the British camp at Lassa, is described as a city in itself, and contains between six and eight thousand monks. On August 8 these refused supplies to the British Expedition, but after a demonstration by the troops they thought better of the matter, and agreed to furnish grain daily.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The "invasion" of England has ended in failure, and, as I write, the invader is "advancing," as General Kuropatkin would say, in the direction of his boats. The military value of the campaign appears to be a secret, locked up in the capacious bosom of the War "What is the use of pretending to fight," it is asked, "if private property in the zone of combat must not be trampled under the feet of invincible infantry, lest the owners should set up a claim for compensation?" I do not know; but surely it is gratifying to note the iron discipline of the combatants. They were instructed not to break in upon the repose of partridges. "Game, if stirred, must not be pursued," wrote the War Office, with a fearful eye on possible bills from outraged gamepreservers. Don't tell me these manœuvres have taught us nothing. What about the self-restraint of warriors who pursued neither the partridges nor the enemy, but sent a polite message to him when he stood smiling a few yards away, to say that, in real war, he would at that precise moment be down among the dead men?

It is curious that the War Office, with its love of secrets, should have permitted the journalists to swarm like vultures over the stricken field. They have criticised with freedom, and even with contumely; and yet I read of no arrests. Marshal Oyama provided a military guard for Reuter's correspondent at Liao-yang, though not in time to prevent that astute gentleman from telegraphing his story of the battle. The Japanese commanders dislike publicity, even when they are victorious. They cling to the melancholy superstition that war is not conducted for the amusement of newspaper-readers in distant lands. But of our "invasion" every detail has been printed with impunity, down to the looting of apples. Moreover, as I have said, the correspondents are contumelious. The War Office, in its secret soul, knows that priceless advantages to the students of strategy and tactics have been yielded by Sir John French's march on London, and by the heroic resistance which converted it into an "advance" towards the sea. But the correspondents have turned the whole beautiful plan into mockery for the flippant readers of the morning and the evening Press. Why are they not in dungeons? Marshal Oyama's military guards would have been on their heels in no time; but in this island of ours, where the invaders tread on tiptoe, and the order to both armies is, "Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the partridge!" the journalists enjoy a liberty that would throw a Japanese strategist into a fit.

Herr August Niemann has written a merry narrative of the downfall of England. He calls it the "World-War of German Dreams"; and Herr Niemann's dreams, let me tell you, turn all other nightmares into stumbling hobby-horses. Mr. R. B. Marston gives a pleasant account of this "World - War" in the Monthly Review. Is it possible, asks Herr Niemann, that Germany, France, and Russia, who "spoiled England's plans" by depriving Japan of the fruits of her victory over China, will remain idle? Or will they "join hands for their common good"? The common good is the spoliation of our bloated Empire. Germany, France, and Russia, bound together by ties of trusting friendship, will not hesitate. Russia will help herself to India, and the Kaiser will lead the united French and German hosts down the Strand. I begin to think this must be why that thoroughfare is "up"; why the Embankment is impassable except for steamrollers. We have too often taunted the War Office with unreadiness; and now it is showing us how well prepared it is to do or die when the Kaiser, at the head of the French legions, comes prancing down upon us, mounted on Herr Niemann's nightmare.

Russia, of course, has no trouble with India. After her little affair with Japan she is like a giant refreshed; and "Kuropatkin unfolds his plan." Always ready with a plan, this admirable Kuropatkin! And more planful than ever after his various adventures with Marshal Oyama! The gentleman in the nursery rhyme who jumped into a thickset hedge, and scratched out both his eyes, hit upon a capital device for scratching them in again. According to the profound Niemann, Kuropatkin's plan, in a similar emergency, is to jump into India. Everything is made easy for him by the studies of a German officer named Heideck, who finds that our military organisation in India is worthless, and that the native regiments are awaiting the signal to murder their officers. "Heideck, who is represented as the soul of honour, falls in love with the beautiful but badly used wife of a Captain Urwin. This impossible English lady puts herself under the protection of her German admirer, and becomes so infatuated that she, in the end, betrays her country by disclosing the plans of the British Admiralty." Those plans, unlike Kuropatkin's, fail miserably. Sixty thousand Germans land at Leith, and eat up all the shortbread. There is an enormous rise in the price of marmalade. Our Fleet is vanquished at Flushing. And then the Kaiser's dragoons charge down the Embankment, despite the gallant stand of the steamrollers. And Heideck marries the lady when Russia has made her a widow.

Here you have a campaign which passes the wit of strategists. Of what use the most subtle combinations of our War Office? How futile those glorious manœuvres around the slumbering coveys of sacred birds! They are turned to naught by the fascinations of Heideck, the lady-killer. Our patriotic struggles are vain. The Dragon swallows St. George, and uses Britannia's trident as a toothpick. You see how the Admiralty leaves its private papers at the mercy of a traitress. That is not all. It forces the British Admiral to fight according to a plan which has nothing to do with the situation that confronts him. It is so characteristic of British Admirals to fight according to any judgment save their own. I see only one hope. Will a coalition of Russ, Teuton, and Gaul hold together on the basis of the irresistible Heideck's possession of that beautiful but treacherous woman? Will he cry, "Yours shall be the booty, mine the girl; and once on board the sub-marine—"? No! Fierce jealousy will inflame the bosom of a French naval officer. He will inveigle Heideck and the lady (ah! serpent!) on board the submarine; then, sinking a mile or two, he will refuse ever to rise again unless the German will resign our fair and faithless compatriot.

Do you grasp the sequel? There is a desperate fight in the region of Davy Jones's Locker. Both champions are killed; they mingle their dying curses. What is that strain of music? The traitress looks through the port-hole glass, and perceives a chorus of Tritons. They sing "Rule, Britannia." Remorse seizes the woman; she cries, "I will save my country yet!" Up goes the submarine, and pops above the surface right in the middle of the British Fleet. The Admiral comes alongside in his gig, and the repentant daughter of Britain hands him all the plans of the coalition. A hasty glance assures him that he has just time to sink the French squadron, and catch the Germans before they land at Leith, and raise the price of marmalade. "Here's luck!" says the Admiral gleefully. "Come with me. I'm a widower." "No," says she mournfully. "I don't deserve it. I'm going to be the bride of Davy Jones!" And down drops the submarine to that legendary gentleman's

An inquiry into the state of literature is always good sport. I see one is going on in Paris, where the inquirers must have chuckled when they drew such capital game as M. Huysmans. Every grocer's son, says he, has taken to writing books in the hope of making as much money as Zola. There are a hundred thousand writers and a hundred thousand painters, and they write or paint for sordid gain, not for art. They pay the butcher and baker by scribbling or daubing when they ought to be making up parcels behind counters. There should be only two or three painters, mark you! and only one writer (shall we say his name is Huysmans?), and they ought to have just no money at all. If people read their books and buy their pictures, you may say, how can they help growing rich? Ah! but the one writer, at any rate, can avoid that by making himself unreadable. What has the mob to do with letters?

We have a stern reformer in this island, one Morley Roberts, himself an excellent writer, who would rather, I take it, be a bushranger, or some other artless child of Nature. If only, sighs he, we could turn all the writers and actors adrift, and make them look out for some useful work! If they would emigrate somewhere and dig, or tend Australian sheep, or sail the Spanish Main before the mast! They would learn so much simply by gazing at the sun, moon, and stars. Those heavenly bodies, I understand from Mr. Morley Roberts, have taught him pretty well the best part of his multifarious acquirements. But in cities we keep our noses on ant-heaps, and scribble, scribble, and wax portly on our numerous editions. And yet the average life of a book, says a statistician, is no more than three months. "Who will be read," asks an alarming cynic, "in twenty five years?" In Mr. Anthony Hope's masterly novel, "Double Harness," there is a philosopher who makes a practice of tipping children, that he may have defenders of his character when he is gone. An excellent hint, my scribbling friends. Tip all the small boys and girls you meet; they may grow up to be literary critics, and keep your memory green, even after five-and-twenty years! Meanwhile, if I were you, I should see as much of the sun, moon, and stars as you can. As they are not frequently visible in London, you had better take Mr. Morley Roberts's advice, and camp out in the Australian bush. At any rate, on fine nights you might sit (by permission of the Dean and Chapter) on the cross of St. Paul's, absorbing real wisdom.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

At last we have been furnished with some inside knowledge of both the armies, and what they have done during the past fortnight. It is significant and charac-teristic that to get this knowledge from the Japanese side the correspondents were obliged, first, to the fighting-line, after escaping supervision, during the turmoil of the battle, and then desert — if such a word may be applied to a correspondent — in order to obtain the greater freedom which results from the absence of a Press Censor; while that from the Russian camp comes to us from men who, from the Russian camp comes to us from men who, apparently of their own free will and desire, were "captured" by the Japanese after the battle. It is one of these latter that describes the struggle around Liao-yang as having "finally burst the bubble of Russian military greatness." It is one of the former who tells us that the tactics and strategy of the Japanese do not come up to his expectations; and that "if strategical success has been obtained by either belligerent. General Kuropatkin can claim to have belligerent, General Kuropatkin can claim to have defeated the main object of the Japanese operations. Assuredly the views of both critics were in a measure coloured by their recent environment. Indeed, there is nothing more certain than that the correspondents on either side appear to be only too glad to shake off the dust from their feet, probably for the reason Mr. Bennet Burleigh assigns — the restrictions which are placed upon them, and which, he says, precludes them from doing their duty. After all, however, the point of view of a correspondent of a newspaper is not exactly that of the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and much as we may regret the circumstances which have prevented the former from keeping us apprised from day to day of what is transpiring within their hearing but beyond their view, bare justice alone must oblige us to remember the standpoint

of the soldier and the grim business he has in hand.
Putting two and two together, or collating the
stories from both sides, the conclusion is reached that
Kuropatkin was indeed outmanœuvred. The Russian
General appears to have transferred a large portion of his troops from the south - west of Liao - yang, where it was engaged in resisting the attack of Oku, in order that it might carry out a movement in the north - east intended for the discomfiture of Kuroki. This movement failed altogether; in the first place, it so weakened the south-west portion of the defence that Oku was enabled to break through and turn the right flank of the inner line of entrenchment; while in the northeast, Kuroki not only foiled the attempt to cut him off; but he succeeded in rolling up the left flank of the forces sent against him, and so jeopardised the line of retreat that what was intended as a deliberate retirement became eventually something very like a rout. Fortunately for Kuropatkin, the Russian soldiers proved once more how splendidly they can fight when brought to bay, and it was the magnificent work of his rearguard alone that prevented the completion of the ruin the Japanese were so desirous of bringing about. There can be no doubt that it was the hope of the Japanese to, as one correspondent expresses it, "bag an entire army," which, seeing that the Russians had the advantage of selected defensive positions, greater numbers, and more artillery, was a very large order. The Russians have at least as much to thank the weather for their escape as the strategy of their General. The rains which set in again in the early part of last week, possibly brought on by the heavy firing, rendered the mountain roads almost impassable, and checked the advance of the victorious enemy. It is estimated by one of the correspondents that the Puscians leat fully one tenth of their first that the Puscians leat fully one tenth of their first than the puscians leat fully one tenth of their first than the puscians leat fully one tenth of their first than the puscians leat fully one tenth of their fully one tenth of thein that the Russians lost fully one-tenth of their force, or something over 20,000 men. On the other hand, we have an official statement that the losses of the Japanese were no more than 17,539, of whom a large number were only very slightly wounded. According to one of the captured correspondents, the reason for the Russian failure to hold the place is largely involved in the demoralisation caused by four months of continuous defeat and retreat.

Incidentally the advantage of having descriptions from the point of view both of the assailant and the assailed is demonstrated very clearly. The *Times* correspondent who was with the Japanese frequently refers to the difficulty which he believed them to be under in locating the Russian batteries, and tells us that an examination of the enemy's trenches tells us that an examination of the enemy's trenches showed that the Japanese shell-fire was not so devastating as had been anticipated. But the correspondent who was on the other side says exactly the opposite. It was the Russians who found a difficulty in locating the Japanese guns, while from their entrenchments streams of dead and wounded were constantly flowing in to the city and being dispatched by railway to the north. All the spectators are unanimous in their eulogistic references to the Japanese infantry. The *Times* correspondent calls them the "finest Mr. Bennet Burleigh declares infantry in the world." that although they fight with the utmost fierceness and the most daring courage, they battle, not like madmen, but with their heads, and obey their officers in all straits. On the other hand, the stubbornness of the Russian defence is acknowledged to have been something to marvel at. It was the dogged determination of the handful left as a rearguard that enabled the Russians to fall back in anything like order. As to the numbers engaged on both sides in this historic battle, it is now estimated that the Russians were in the majority, and that they had something over 200,000 men and 250 guns opposed to about 150,000 Japanese with 200 guns. Whether the battle will be accepted as determining the mastery of Manchuria, as some of those on the spot are inclined to predict, has yet to be seen. But if the reports of the correspondents recently with the defeated army are to be relied on, its demoralisation must be such as to make it almost impossible that its reorganisation can be brought about short of Tieling or

perhaps Harbin.

## THE WILD ANIMALS OF TIBET.

(See Page of Illustrations in this Number.)

In the course of a conversation on Tibet a sporting friend once remarked to the writer: "Oh! yes, that is the country where the llamas come from." This, of course, was a confusion between llamas and lamas; but although Tibet is not the home of llamas, it is, nevertheless, the habitat of quite a number of peculiar types of large wild animals. Indeed, no other continental area of equal extent, at least in the Old World, can lay claim to such a unique and remarkable assemblage. To a considerable degree it would appear that this peculiarity of the fauna is due to the great elevation of the Tibeton plateau, which has involved executed. this peculiarity of the fauna is due to the great elevation of the Tibetan plateau, which has involved special adaptations on the part of its animals. It must be borne in mind, however, that Tibet has several different climatic and physical divisions, each tenanted by its own distinct group of animals, which would appear to have originated from types inhabiting the adjacent low-lands. We have, for instance, the arid and almost rainless plateau to the westward of Lassa, which includes Ladak. Lassa itself and, farther east. Mounin have Ladak. Lassa itself and, farther east, Moupin have, however, a damper climate and extensive forest tracts, while the country on the Sikkim side is still more humid and densely forested.

One of the most typical animals of the arid plateau is the yak, or Tibetan bison, which is one of the finest members of the ox tribe, specially adapted for

a cold climate by the mass of long shaggy hair on the a cold climate by the mass of long snaggy hair on the tail and under-parts, which protects the vital organs when the creature is reposing on the frozen ground. Although domesticated yaks are often black-and-white, the wild race is wholly black. In spite of the fact that the yak is known as the grunting ox, it appears that only the domesticated breed grunts. The same area is the home of the kiang, or Tibetan wild ass, a handsome red-and-white animal, with a large head and small ears, which appears to be somewhat interand small ears, which appears to be somewhat intermediate between the horse and the true wild asses. Its nearest relative is the chigetai of Mongolia, but whether it is a local race of the latter or a species by itself is still a somewhat moot point. Specimens of both these animals are now living in the Duke of Bedford's pack at Wahurn ford's park at Woburn.

ford's park at Woburn.

Side by side with the kiang may be found two very remarkable types of antelope—namely, the chiru, or Tibetan antelope, and the goa, or Tibetan gazelle. The former, which represents a genus by itself, is characterised by its swollen and puffy nose, its thick, velvety, fawn - coloured coat, and the long, lyrate, black horns of the buck, which may possibly, when viewed in profile, have given rise to the fable of the unicorn. The goa, on the other hand, although a very distinct species, belongs to the great group of gazelles, of which, with three or four other Central Asian species, it constitutes a group. The big-horned Tibetan argali, or Hodgson's wild sheep, is likewise a native of the arid plateau, and yields some of the finest and most coveted of sporting trophies. Although frequently called the "Ovis ammon," it is really not the same as the typical Altai representative of Although frequently called the "Ovis ammon," it is really not the same as the typical Altai representative of that splendid wild sheep, of which it is probably a local race. A smaller wild sheep is the shapu, the local forms of which have a wide range in Central Asia, one race—the urial—being a native of the Punjab Salt Range. On the other hand, the blue sheep, or bharal, is confined to Tibet inhabiting the mountains to the is confined to Tibet, inhabiting the mountains to the south of the central plateau. It is a beautifully marked

animal, with smooth olive-green horns.

Most of the other mammals of the high plateau belong to types related to common Asiatic mammals. The snow-leopard, for instance, although a well-marked species, ranges westward at least as far as Gilgit and Chitral; while the Tibetan lynx is a race of the European Lynx adopted by its pelo colouring for a desert opin Intra; while the Thetan lynx is a race of the European lynx adapted by its pale colouring for a desert existence. The Tibetan marmot and the Tibetan blue hares, which are distinct species, belong to widely spread generic types. Of birds, it must suffice to say that the snow-cock and snow-partridge are common types, although both range with the higher Himalaya as well as Eastern Tibet.

Passing on to the mammals of the forest region of

well as Eastern Tibet.

Passing on to the mammals of the forest region of the Moupin district of Eastern Tibet, and thence into the north-western provinces of China, we may first take the Tibetan snub-nosed monkey, the typical representative of a small group allied to the langurs, or sacred monkeys of India. This species ranges into Szechuen; and of the other two, one inhabits North-Western China and the other the Mekong Valley. All are characterised by their "tip-tilted" noses, the Tibetan species being distinguished by its goldenorange coat and blue face. In winter the hair of the back becomes elongated into beautiful golden tresses. The massive build of this monkey, as compared with the slender make of the Indian langurs, is a feature characteristic of animals from cold climates. An even more notable animal is the great panda, which appears to more notable animal is the great panda, which appears to have the same distribution as the snub-nosed monkey. Although in appearance very like a small black-and-white bear, structurally this animal is allied to the long-tailed black-and-red panda of the Western Himalaya, which is a relative of the American raccoons. Both the great and the long-tailed panda have the same peculiar type of short and somewhat cat-like face. Eastern Tibet is also the home of a small species of true bear, in which the colour somewhat resembles that of the great panda, thus suggesting that in both cases it is connected with protection.

From the forests near Lassa has been obtained a handsome and peculiar deer, known either as the Lassa

stag or Thorold's deer, of the size of a red-deer, but with a dark brown coat, a white muzzle, and flattened antlers with fewer tines. A still more interesting deer is the small Tibetan tufted deer, which is of the approximate size of a roebuck, but with rudimentary antlers recalling those of the Indian muntjac, and a plumcoloured coat relieved with white. When first described, this deer was the only representative of its kind known. this deer was the only representative of its kind known, but two other species are now familiar in China. Little space remains to notice the shon, or Sikkim doer,

which is, however, scarcely a true Tibetan animal, as its habitat appears to be the forest zone of the Upper Chumbi Valley. No specimen of this stag, which is characterised by the forward bend of its five-tined antler, has ever been brought to Europe, and specimens of the head and antler are rare. A young stag was shot during head and antler are rare. A young stag was shot during the march of the Tibet Mission—probably the first killed by an Englishman. Bare mention must suffice for the Moupin monal pheasant and the splendid Harman's eared pheasant from the district east of Lassa.—R. L.

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Pullman, Week-uays 6.10 a.m. 126 chr. (2) 27 cm. 27 cm. 27 cm. 27 cm. 27 cm. 27 cm. 28 SEASIDE for 8 or 15 days.—From London and Suburban Stations.—Wednesdays, 6s. to Brighton, 6s. 6d. Worthing, Thursdays, 6s. 6d. to Seaford, 7s. Eastbourne, Bexhill & Hastings. Fridays, 6s. 6d. to Littlehamton, 7s. Bognor & Chichester, 7s. 6d. to Havant, Hayling & Portsmouth, 9s. Ryde, 11s. Isle of Wight.

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Programme of Tours, and all information respecting Hotels, Fares, Travel. &c., can be obtained from SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE, Kingsbridge Station, Dubbin or Messrs, I. Wallis and Sons, 33, Bachelor's Walk, Dubbin; Messrs C. W. Bullock and Co., 22, Lime Street, Liverpool; Geo. K. Turnham, 2, Charing Cross, London, W.; or any of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons Offices. C. H. DENT, General Manager.

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GOLF LINKS (18-HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by the Company, and of these RESIDENTS IN THE HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full pension from ros, per week. Passengers with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are allowed to break the journey at Greenore.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, Euston Station, 1904.

Whoever first called Mr. James

## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S VISIT

TO SCOTLAND.

The King, who evidently appreciates the value of Scotland as a holiday resort as fully as did Queen Victoria, left Rufford Abbey for Balmoral unremarkable save for one incident, which seems to one incident, which was to be a seem to one incident to the seems to the seems

have caused some alarm to those about his Majesty. During the wait at Edinburgh, an oddly dressed young



THE LATE MR. JAMES LOWTHER,

M.P. FOR THE ISLE OF THANET.

man succeeded in evading the police, and passed the Royal group on the platform several times, raising his hat with elaborate ceremony as he did so. His Majesty, who doubt-less thought that he was a local "character," sum-moned a policeman and made inquiries. Matters ended satisfactorily when the constable had enlightened the King as to the stranger's identity. At Newcastle - on - Tyne the royal traveller was wel-comed by Alderman A. P. Andersen, the Mayor, and was handed a number of letters, including one from

the Queen, which had awaited him at the post office. The Prince of Wales, with whom was Prince Edward, greeted his father at Ballater.

The terms of the new treaty with Tibet are not known; but it is understood that they com-THE TIBET TREATY.

prise everything the Indian Government had demanded. It is satisfactory to learn that the treaty was signed in the Palace Monastery at Lassa, for that sanctuary was the last stronghold of Tibetan exclusive-

ness. In the absence of the Dalai Lama, his seal was affixed by the Regent. It is open to him to regard the treaty as invalid; and if he should return to Lassa there will be trouble. One formality yet remains to be observed, and that is the sanction of the Chinese Government, the suzerain of Tibet. Diplomatic efforts may be made at Peking to prevent this. On the other hand, Colonel Younghusband distinctly warned the Tibetans that any infraction of the treaty would be severely punished; so they will gain nothing even if China should be persuaded to ignore the settlement. There is a British pledge not to interfere with the internal administration of Tibet; and it is rather a poor argument that this has been done already because the Dalai Lama has thought fit to make off to Mongolia, leaving his monks to choose another head. In Colonel Younghusband's opinion, the treaty will secure reasonable conditions of trade, and the proper treatment of British subjects in Tibetan territory

THE RETURN OF THE
"DISCOVERY."

After an absence of three years, the Antarctic Exploration - ship Dis-

ation - ship Discovery reached Portsmouth on Sept. 10.
Excellent results have been achieved: the
two primary objects of the expedition—magnetic work and geographical discovery—
have been admirably served, and the explorers have, moreover, a dash furthest South to their
credit. The King has intimated his pleasure by promoting Commander Scott to the rank of Captain, and
by ordering a new medal



MR. T. W. BURGESS, CHANNEL SWIMMER.

by ordering a new medal for service in the Polar regions to be struck and granted to the officers and It will be remembered that we illustrated the work of the expedition thoroughly, when Lieutenant Shackleton returned to England in 1903.

There FRANCE AND are odd THE CHURCH. rumours from Rome that the Vatican desires the abrogation of the Concordat, chiefly be-

cause it thinks this will give the Pope a greater control over the religious orders. The monk in France has not got on very well with the parish priest, and it is the parish priest that the Pope wishes to befriend. On his side M. Combes is also eager to help the curé, whose stipend, says the Minister, will still be paid by the State. He wants to give the Church the means of leading "an autonomous life," and repudiates altogether the idea that he is engaged in the "pitiless proscription" of religion. It is possible that M. Combes is much more moderate in this regard than some of his Socialist moderate in this regard than some of his Socialist supporters. He has an ingenious plan for dealing with them. Before settling the question of separation between Church and State, the Government will ask the Chamber to adopt an income-tax and old-age pensions. There will be wry faces at both proposals; but until these are passed, no Bill for abolishing the Concordat! This strategy looks well, but the malcontents may argue that the Government method of handling the Church is less supportable than the present system. terrible logicians among the Extreme Left.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Lowther "the last of the Tories" had evidently a nice sense of the fitness of things, for the late member represented unyielding Toryism as few could claim to represent it in these days of guerilla warfare in Parlia-ment. The fact did not lessen his popularity, however, and he was held in considerable respect by the members of all parties, even by those who saw in him only an upholder of past traditions. Mr. Lowther, who died on Sept. 12 after a long illness, was born near Leeds in 1840, and was the younger son of the late Sir C. H. Lowther, Bart. The usual term of education at public lowthers. Lowther, Bart. The usual term of education at public school and University—in his case Westminster and cambridge—was followed by a call to the Bar in 1864. Law claimed him for a year only; he seized an exceptionally favourable opportunity, and entered Parliament at the early age of twenty-five. His strong anti-democratic feelings were soon displayed, and led to tactics that earned him a reputation, not only as a first-rate obstructionist, but as the user of unconvenhist-rate obstructionist, but as the user of unconventional methods. Disraeli mentally noted him for advancement, and he had been in Parliament only three years when he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board. In 1874 he was appointed Colonial Under-Secretary, and four years later Chief Secretary for Ireland. The latter office was the most exalted he was destined to hold. He was unseated in 1880, was returned for North Lipschphire in the following year returned for North Lincolnshire in the following year, and failed to win a seat in 1885. The next year saw the Conservatives again in power, and Mr. Lowther made a great effort to re-enter Parliament, where he was sure of a good position. North Cumberland failed him, however, and, disgusted, he made no further attempt to the corner of politics, until 1888, when he was to enter the arena of politics until 1888, when he was elected for the Isle of Thanet, the constituency he represented at the time of his death. Mr. Lowther was a keen sportsman, although he is said never to have made a bet, and never to have fired a shot. He was unmarried.

Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., K.C.B., K.C.I.E., the new British Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary



A BRITISH VICTIM OF THE BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG: DR. WESTWATER, STABBED BY JAPANESE LOOTERS.

The Japanese officers found it impossible to restrain certain of their starving troops after the battle of Liao-yang, and looting was general in the town on September 9. Dr. Westwater, the Scotch missionary, was wounded in the nech and hands by soldiers seeking to rob the missionary and Red Cross compound. Notwithstanding his injuries, Dr. Westwater was able to succour some two hundred non-combatant Chinese injured during the fighting.

at Madrid, was serving at the Foreign Office as many as

thirty-four years ago. He was assistant private secretary to the late Earl Granville, and has done good diplomatic work in Berlin, Peking, Constantinople, Athens, Teheran, Buda-Pesth, Bulgaria, and, since 1895, in Morocco. Mr. Thomas William Burgess, who made a remarkable attempt to swim the Channel on Sept. 7, is a native of Rotherham, Yorkshire, but has lived in Paris for nineteen years, and is swimming champion of France. He was formerly a blacksmith, and is now connected with a motor-car firm. Mr. Burgess is thirty-three

A veteran of the stage passed away on Sept. 7 in the person of Mr. John Billington. Mr. Billington, who was sixty-seven years of age, began his theatrical career, in the accepted manner, in his day at all events, in the provinces, and made his first appearance in London at the old Adelphi in 1857, when he played Harry Mowbray in "Like and Unlike." Associated with the same theatre for the next eleven years, he with the same theatre for the next eleven years, he undertook such rôles as Hardress Cregan in "The Colleen Bawn," Ned Plummer in Boucicault's dramatised version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," John Mellish in "Aurora Floyd," and Walter Wilding in "No Thoroughfare," by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. He also played leading parts at the Globe and at Toole's pow both roulled down.

and at Toole's, now both pulled down.

Mr. Roosevelt has made a MR. ROOSEVELT'S vigorous reply to the assault of Judge Parker on Republican administration. The President POLICY. declares that the foreign policy of his Government has made America respected. "The voice of the United made America respected. "The voice of the United States would now count for nothing in the Far East if she abandoned the Philippines, and if she refused to do what she had done in China" He might have added that should the Democrats obtain office, they will not venture to abandon the Philippines, or to sacrifice one iota of the position the Republic has

gained in the Orient. We know how an Opposition in this country assails the foreign policy of the party in power, and then quietly carries on that very policy when the critics change their benches in the House of Commons. "The State Department," says Mr. Roosevelt, "has gone to the limit of diplomatic usage to make evident to the world the depth of American conviction that discrimination and oppression on account of religion are acts of injustice, and the Department will continue its pressure." That is a formidable hint to Russia about her treatment of the Jews. Should Judge Parker become President, he will have to carry on that policy too.

Although the Rus-RUSSIAN DISCONTENT, sian Censevere upon foreign journals when they venture to discuss Russian affairs, extraordinary latitude is allowed to the expression of opinion at home. The Novoe Vremya comes out with an article which is nothing less than an indictment of the bureaucracy.
"It is difficult," says this candid critic, "to determine what must be done to bring us abreast of the times,



SIR A. NICOLSON, BART., K.C.B.,

but it is evident that we can only derive fresh strength but it is evident that we can only derive fresh strength from free development. The inauguration of speedy reforms in what concerns the defences of the Fatherland must be contemplated. They must be made known to the whole people in order to bring them back to life and hope. . . . A whole series of economic misfortunes have weakened the people; depression has taken possession of the public; and the work of the State has become the simple carrying out of current affairs." This is "bureaucratic routine," which must be broken up by reforming zeal. But Prince Mirski, the successor of M. de Plehve, does not see the question in the same light. He is willing, he says, to consider reforms which

is willing, he says, to consider reforms which do not disturb the "established régime." That will have to be very much disturbed before the ideals of the Novoe Vremya can be realised.

PNEUMATIC PARCEL-Post.

The essential features of a Pneumatic Tube Line are four: a suitable

conduit, or tube; a carrier for passing through the tube; a transmitter, or device for dispatching the carrier; and a receiver, or apparatus for arresting the carrier and delivering it from the line. The problem of a suitable conduit is not nearly so simple as it may seem. At the time when the construction of the first large tube line in Philadelphia was undertaken, no pipe or tube of a suitable nature could be purchased in the market. Experiments were made with pipes of various sorts, until the invention of a special machine for boring cast-iron pipes finally gave the advantage to this material, and it has been adopted in all subsequent constructions. The pipes are bored smooth as a gun-barrel on the interior, and the ends are turned and counterbored so as to ensure alignment, and at the same time to permit sufficient angle between consecutive lengths to admit of a considerable deflection when is desired to avoid obstructions.

carrier adopted for the present system travels upon a pair of bearing-rings near each end of it. These are of specially prepared composition, and will cover ten thousand miles before they are worn out. The transmitters are of several different times. The first

ferent types. The first requirement is that they shall introduce the carrier into the air-current without interrupting the flow, and that the operation shall be as simple as possible. The latest form of transmitter accomplishes this without other act on the the operator than that of dropping the carrier into the opening in the floor. The receivers are of four types, each adapted for some special situation or condition of operation.



THE LATE MR. JOHN BILLINGTON,

condition of operation.

The simplest as well as the newest is without moving mechanism of any kind, and this is the type exhibited by Mr. Batcheller at Ranelagh Lodge, Fulham. In each of the other three types the carrier is brought to rest by the air-cushion formed ahead of it in entering the closed section of tube. When placed where the pressure of the line is atmospheric, the carrier is automatically discharged by the opening of the gate that normally closes this section; where the pressure of the line is above that of the atmosphere a special form of receiver is provided, which delivers the excitational transfer of the line is above that of the atmosphere a special form of receiver is provided, which delivers the excitational transfer of the line is above that of the atmosphere as pecial form of receiver is provided. which delivers the carrier without escape of air. When it is desired to connect several stations on a single line and to be able to dispatch from one end of the line to any of these stations, an automatic machine, called the "intermediate receiver," is provided. By called the "intermediate receiver," is provided. By means of metallic discs of graduated diameter borne on the front end of the carrier, this machine selects carriers intended for delivery and passes all carriers for stations beyond.

## THE BATTLEFIELD OF LIAO-YANG.

SIX PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS.







PART OF THE RUSSIAN DEFENDERS' ARMAMENT: TRANSPORTING A BIG GUN TO THE RAILWAY STATION.

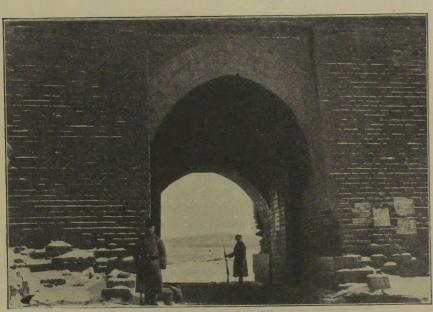
DOMESTICITY IN WARFARE: RUSSIAN SOLDIERS WASHING THEIR CLOTHES AT LIAO-YANG.

MUNITIONS OF WAR: THE RUSSIAN MILITARY STORE-HOUSES AT LIAO-YANG.



THE SCENE OF THE ATTEMPT ON DR. WESTWATER'S LIFE, AND THE SANCTUARY OF WOUNDED NON-COMBATANTS.

Dr. Westwater was stabled by Japanese soldiers intent on robbing the mission-house shown above. A number of Chinese non-combatants, forbidden to leave the town by the Russians, were killed and wounded by shell-fire. Dr. Westwater is succouring some two hundred of the latter.



AN ENTRANCE TO LIAO-YANG, AND THE SCENE OF A RUSSIAN STAND.

The entrance shown is the Korean or smaller Eastern Gate of the town. The Tai-tse River shows through the arch; the high ground was held strongly by the Russians.



A NATURAL AID TO THE RUSSIAN DEFENCE: THE TAI-TSE RIVER, SHOWING THE BRIDGE AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY BOXERS.

The fighting on September 2 began simultaneously on both banks of the Tai-tse. The Russian troops left at Liao-yang and the surrounding fortifications to cover the retreat crossed on the 3rd, and occupied the right bank.



THE SCENE OF THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS' REVELS BEFORE THE BATTLE: THE PAGODA OUTSIDE THE NORTH-WEST WALL, LIAO-YANG.

Before the battle of Liao-yang, and even during the Japanese successes of August 26, the Russian officers spent much time drinking and merry-making within the Pagoda Gardens. The Pagodo itself is one of the finest in Manchuria.



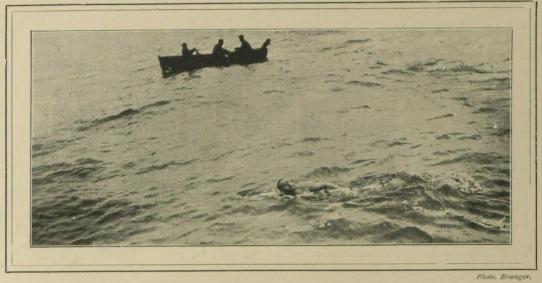
A NATURAL AID TO THE RUSSIAN DEFENCE: THE TAI-TSE RIVER.

The Russians depended upon the Tai-tse River, in combination with its tributary, to protect their position against the Japanese advance from the east.



THE POSITION OCCUPIED BY ONE END OF THE JAPANESE FRONT ON SEPTEMBER 2: THE HEIGHTS AT THE YENTAI COAL MINES.

After capturing the mountains west of Sy-k-van-tun, the Russians came across a Japanese force with a front extending from the Yendai Mines to the Tai-tse, and retired. Later, they concentrated on the position.



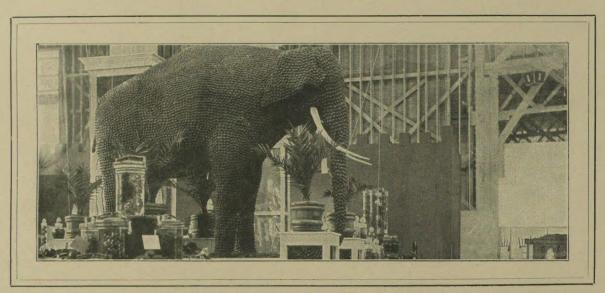
A REMARKABLE ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: BURGESS WITHIN TEN MILES OF HIS DESTINATION.



ANTICIPATING THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR: JAPANESE ERECTING FLAG-STANDARDS IN THE STREETS OF TOKIO.

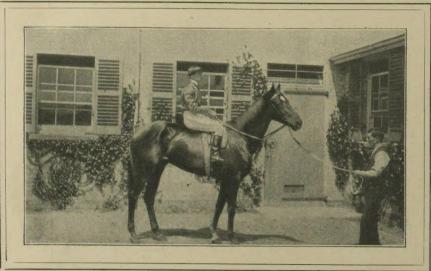


A BEAR MADE OF RAISINS.



AN ELEPHANT MADE OF PRUNES.

INGENIOUS TRADE EXHIBITS IN THE CALIFORNIAN SECTION, ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION. In addition to the above, there is an exhibit of Lot's wife, made of salt; and of John Stewart, modelled in butter.



A WINNER OF FIFTEEN CONSECUTIVE RACES: MAJOR EUSTACE LODER'S PRETTY POLLY.

With her victory in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster, Pretty Polly, who is by Gallinule-Admiration, scored her fifteenth consecutive win. She has never been beaten, never been hard pressed, and has won over £30,000 in stake-money.



JAPAN AND CHINA AT THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES: A JAPANESE OFFICER EXPLAINING THE TACTICS TO A CHINESE COLONEL.

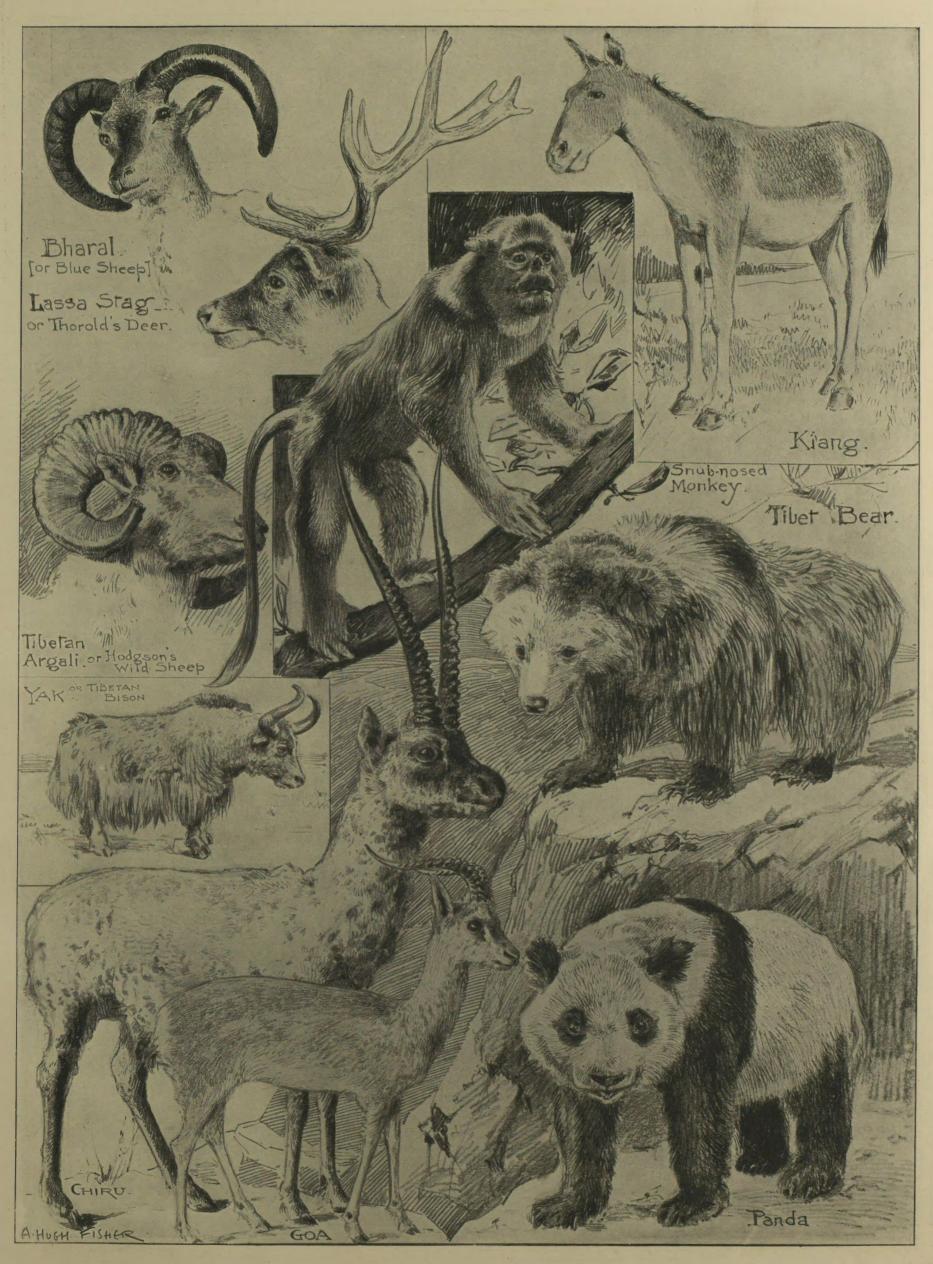
Japan has so often been credited with a desire to train the Chinese in military matters that an incident such as the one shown above is particularly interesting, especially in view of the somewhat discredited rumour that in the event of her beating Russia Japan will seek to draw China into her net.





THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST OF THE NEW FLEET - SCOUTS: H.M.S. "ADVENTURE" LEAVING THE WAYS, SEPTEMBER 8.

A RECORD CATCH: A NINE-FEET CONGER-EEL ON EXHIBITION. The eel, which came from Plymouth, weighs 160 pounds, and is thirty inches round. It made a desperate fight for its life.



SPORT IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND: THE WILD ANIMALS OF TIBET. Sketches by A. Hugh Fisher.

Drawn by Percy F. S. Spence from Sketches by Allan Stewart, One of our Special Artists at the Mangeuvres.



A REARGUARD ACTION: THE IRISH GUARDS HOLDING THE DEFENDERS IN CHECK AT THE FORD OVER THE COLNE AT WIVENHOE.

Our Artist writes: "Nothing of much interest occurred during the retreat of General French's troops until their arrival at Wivenhoe, where the Irish Guards were left as a rearguard. A company was sent to the ford over the Colne, to prevent the passage of the Red force, which was on the other side of the river."

## THE HEART OF THE WOOD.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

THEN the new keeper and his wife took possession of their cottage, deep in the heart of Westbury Chase, summer was still at its height. Jim Whittle's real responsibilities had not yet begun with the s real responsibilities had not yet begun — a little breathing space was, as it were, allotted to the young couple before settling thoroughly into harness. So Betty thought at least, though Jim frequently reminded her that summer was as anxious a time as any other for a man in his position. "What with folks expectin' the young birds to be nigh full-growed afore they was much more than hatched out; and what wi' the fear of there being too much wet or too much the fear of there being too much wet, or too much sun, and varmint an' sich-like, I can tell ye, Betty," said he, "I'm as anxious in summer as in winter, very "."

Nevertheless, he found time to do many little odd jobs for her which he could not have accomplished in the shooting season: knocking together shelves, dig-ging in the garden, chopping up the store of wood which she herself collected as she strolled out in her which she herself collected as she strolled out in her spare hours. Betty was as happy as a bird in those days. Their new home had been put in order before their advent, and was spick and span from roof to threshold; the fresh thatch glinted bravely through the heavy summer foliage; the flowers in the little garden made patches of bright colour amid the surrounding trace. Betty, becalf in her print draws and with herself in her print draws and with herself in her print draws and with herself in her print draws. green. Betty herself in her print dress and with her hair shining like polished gold, Betty carrying her sixmonths-old child poised on her round arm, was an almost startling figure to those who came upon her suddenly in the leafy aisles about her home. Brown and grey and fawn and russet are the tones chiefly affected by forest people; yet here were the mother and child, wood creatures both of them, flaunting it in their pinks and yellows before autumn had so much

as crimsoned a leaf.

What wonder that the shy folk in fur or feather peered at them with round astonished eyes, ere scuttling

to cover or taking to flight.

Dick Tuffin, the woodman, looked up in surprise from the faggot he had just bound together, when Betty and her baby-boy came towards him one sunny

at her.

He was a young man, dark as a gipsy, muscular and lithe, with quick-glancing eyes and a flash-

glancing eyes and a flashing smile.

"Good day," said Betty, pausing civilly.
"Good day to you, Mum. I d'low you be new keeper's wife?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Whittle," said Betty.
"Are you cutting down my husband's woods?" she added, smiling.

"Ah! your husband's woods 'ud not be in sich good order as they do be

good order as they do be if it wasn't for I an' sich as I," returned the man. "I do cut down a piece then the young growth comes, d'ye see, twice so thick as before, so that the game can find so much shelter as they do

"And what are you going to do with all those poor little trees?" in-quired Betty. "They are

too green for firewood, aren't they?"
"Well," said Dick, with his infectious smile, "I make hurdles wi' 'em for one thing, an' some of 'em goes for pea-sticks, an' others is made into besoms. They mid be green," he added reflec-tively, "but folks do come here often enough a-pickin' up scroff for burnin'

Here the child on Betty's arm began to whimper, and she nodded to it and dandled it, her own person keeping up a swaying, dancing movement the while.

Dick Tuffin watched her, at first with a smile, but

presently his face clouded.
"You have a better time of it, Mrs. Whittle," said he, "nor my poor little woman at home. You do see

your husband so often as you like; but there, I must bide away from home for weeks and months at a time. I mid almost say I haven't got a home; and Mary, she mid say she haven't got a husband."

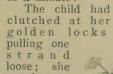
"How's that?" inquired Betty, pausing, with the now laughing child suspended in mid-air, to turn her astonished from upon him.

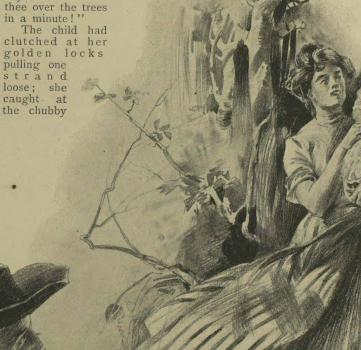
astonished face upon him.

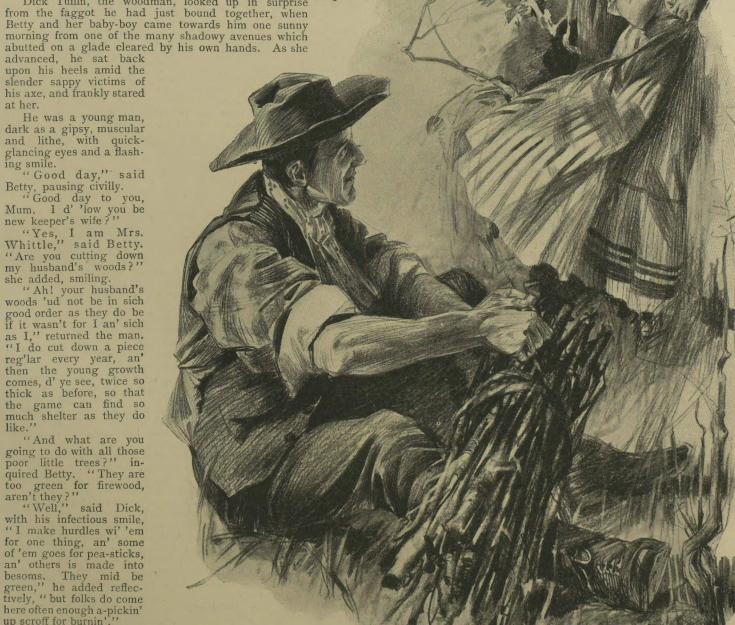
"My place is nigh upon fifteen mile away from here. I go travellin' the country round, cutting the woods and makin' hurdles; an' tis too far to get back except for a little spell now and then. I didn't think o' wedlock when I took up the work, an' now I'd 'low I wouldn't care to turn to any.

when I took up the care to turn to any other. But 'tis hard on the 'ooman.''

"She oughtn't to let you do it!' cried the keeper's wife firmly. "Ha' done Lime ha' done, Jim; ha'
done, thou naughty
boy! I'll throw
thee over the trees
in a minute!"
The child had







"You have a better time of

it, Mrs. Whittle," said he, "nor

my poor little woman at home."

hand, made believe to slap it, and then kissed the little pink palm half-a-dozen times.

"Your wife ought to make you get your livin' some other way," she added seriously.

"It couldn't be done now," said the woodman. "I have done nothin' but fell trees an' plesh hurdles since I was quite a little 'un. I couldn't do naught else," he added somewhat dreamily; "I fancy I couldn't bide anywhere except in a wood."

"Well 'tis a fine life'' said she william.

"Well, 'tis a fine life," said she, willing to say something civil.

"Yes, pleasant enough," he agreed. "If I could tole my missus about I'd never complain; but, there! it can't be done." can't be done.

He tossed the faggot on one side, and began to collect materials for another. Betty noticed a great rent in his fustian waistcoat, and, commenting upon the fact, volunteered to mend it.

"'Tis awkward for ye having no one to sew for ye," she added, as Dick gratefully divested himself of the garment in question.
"'Tis that," agreed Tuffin. "There! I do move about so often the folks where I lodge do never seem to take a hit of interest.

lodge do never seem to take a bit of interest in I. My wife, she do fair cry at times when she do see the state my

when she do see the state my things be in. Come, I'll hold the youngster for ye, Mum."
"Oh, he'll be all right on the soft grass here!"
"Nay, I'd like to hold 'en if ye'll let me. I want to get my hand in, d'ye see. There'll

be a little one at our place very soon."

"I do call it unfeelin' of ye to leave your wife alone at such a time," remarked Betty

such a time," remarked Betty reprovingly.

"Her mother's wi' her," returned Dick. "I'll go home for a bit in a fortnight or so, but I must be back in October."

He chirruped to the child, swinging him high in the air, till Baby Jim crowed and laughed again. Soon Mrs. Whittle's task was accomplished, and she handed back the waistcoat to its owner, receiving his profuse thanks in return. As she walked away through the chequered light and shade Dick looked after

her.

"Some folks is luckier nor others," he said. "Keeper can live in the woods and have wife and child anigh him, too; but I, if I be to live at all, must live alone.

Then he thought of the little brown wife in that far-away village, and wondered with a sudden tightening of the heart - strings how she was getting on; but presently he whistled again, in time to the rhythmic strokes of his axe, as he pointed the sowels for his next lot of hurdles.

On the following morning when Betty was sweeping out her house a shadow fell across the threshold, and, looking up, she descried the woodman.

"I've brought ye a new besom," said he, with a somewhat shamefaced smile. "One good turn do deserve another, Mrs. Whittle."

"Thank ye kindly, I'm sure," returned Betty, with a bright smile. "I never thought of your making any return for the few stitches I set for ye. The besom is a beauty, Mr. Tuffin."

"Glad ye like it," said Dick, turning to take his

leave.

"If ye've any other bits o' mending, Mr. Tuffin," Betty called after him, "I'd be pleased to do 'em for ye."

"Nay, now, I don't like puttin' too much on your good nature, Mrs. Whittle," said Dick, glancing over his shoulder with a sheepish smile with a sheepish smile.

But the keeper's wife insisted; and presently Dick

confessed that there were a good few socks lying by at his lodgings in sore need of repair.

On the morrow he brought them, with the addition of a large basket of "scroff," or chips, for firing.

Keeper Jim was much amused at this exchange of civilities; but was so far moved with compassion for Tuffin's lonely wife that he contributed a couple of nice young rabbits to the little packet of comforts which Betty sent her when Dick went home for his brief holiday; and he was both touched and gratified when little Mrs. Tuffin sent a return tribute of new-laid eggs and fresh vegetables to the woman who had befriended her Dick.

Autumn came, scarcely perceptible at first in this sheltered spot; little drifts of yellow leaves strewed Betty's threshold of a morning; there was a brave show of berries amid the undergrowth; maple bushes lit cool fires here and there; and travellers' joy and bryony flung silver-spangled tendrils or jewelled chains across tangle of orange and crimson and brown. delicate tracery of twigs, the gnarled strength of boughs, became ever more perceptible as the leafage thinned; Jim could see more of the thatch of his house as he tramped homewards, and could mark through the jagged outline of the naked boughs how the blue smoke-wreaths blew hither and thither as they issued from his chimney.

There was a growing sense of excitement in the woods; their silence was often broken by startled cries and the whirring of great wings. Soon the glades would echo to the sound of the beaters' sticks; dry twigs would crack beneath the sportsmen's feet; shots would wake the slumbering echoes; and then a cart would come and bear away the rigid bodies erstwhile so blithe. Betty almost cried as she thought of the fate that awaited the pretty birds which she had so often fed with her own hand and which the baby had loved to watch; but Jim chid her when she said

she hoped many of them might escape.

"Tell 'ee what," he remarked sternly, "if the gentry don't find more pheasants nor in the wold chap's time they'll say I bain't worth my salt. There, what be makin' such a fuss about? 'Tis what they be brought up for. D'ye think folks 'ud want to be watchin' 'em and feedin' 'em an' lookin' arter 'em always if 'twasn't that they mid get shot in the end? always if 'twasn't that they mid get shot in the end? They must die some way, d'ye see; and I'd 'low if ye was to ax 'em, they pheasants 'ud liefer come rocketin' down wi' a dose o' lead in their innards nor die natural-like by freezin' or starvin' or weasels or sich."

or sich. Jim grew more and more enthusiastic as the time drew nearer for the big shoot, which was, as he expected, to establish his reputation. This was not to take place till late in November, so as to allow time for the trees to be fully denuded of their leaves. The keeper often talked darkly of the iniquities of certain village ne'erdo-weels, who, according to him, thought no more of snaring a rabbit than of lying down in their beds. "If they only kept to rabbits," he added once, "it

wouldn't be so bad; but when those chaps gets a footin' in these woods there's no knowin' where they'll stop. But they'll find I ready for them. They'll find I bain't so easy to deal wi' as wold Jenkins."

"Dear, to be sure, Jim, I wish you wouldn't talk so!" said Betty. "You make me go all of a tremble! so!" said Betty. "You make me go all of a tremble! I shall be afeared to stop here by myself when you're away on your beat if you'fray me wi' such tales. I don't like to think there's poachin' folk about."

"There, they'd never want to do nothin' to a woman," said Jim consolingly; "'tis the game they're arter. They'll not come anigh the house, bless ye!"

"Well but I don't like to think they mid go

arter. The

but I don't like to think they mid go fightin' you," she whimpered.

Jim bestowed a sounding kiss on her smooth cheek. "Don't ye fret yoursel"," he cried; "they'll run

away fast enough when they do see I comin'. what a little foolish 'ooman thou be est! There, give over cryin'. I didn't ought to ha' talked about such

Betty's pretty eyes were still somewhat pink, however, as she came strolling into Dick's quarters that

afternoon; and her lip drooped when in answer to his questions she divulged the cause.

"Afeard o' poachers!" exclaimed the woodman, with a laugh. "Bless ye, Mrs. Whittle, poachers bain't no worse nor other folks! Dalled if I can see much harm in a man catchin' a rabbit or two when there's such a many of 'em about! The place be fair swarmin' wi' 'em o' nights.''

Betty was much shocked; and returned reprovingly

Betty was much shocked; and returned reprovingly that it couldn't ever be right to steal. "And poachin' is but stealin'," she summed up severely.

"Stealin'!" echoed Dick; "nay, ye'll never make me believe that. I d' 'low the Lard did make they little wild things for the poor so well as for the rich. Pheasants, now," he continued, ruminating, "I won't say as anyone has a right to take pheasants except the man what owns the poods. I'd as coon rebe had. man what owns the woods. I'd as soon rob a hen-roost, for my part, as go arter one o' they fat tame things as mid be chicken for all the spirit what's in 'em I'd never ax to interfere wi' a pheasant," he continued reflectively, "wi'out 'twas jist for the fun o' the thing. But settin' a gin or two—wi' all these hunderds and thousands o' rabbits runnin' under a body's feet—ye'll never make me believe there's a bit o' harm in it."
"Don't let my husband hear such talk!" said

Betty loftily.

The woodman laughed again. "I wouldn't mind speakin' out plain to his face," said he. "Him and me is the best o' friends—I do like 'en very well," continued Dick handsomely; "better nor I ever thought to like a gamekeeper. As a rule, I don't hold with folks what goes spyin' about a-tryin' to catch other folks in the wrong. I never could a hear a policoman pow 'tis her. wrong. I never could a-bear a policeman, now—'tis my belief they do more harm than good."

"Dear, to be sure!" ejaculated the scandalised Betty. "I don't know how you can go for to say such things."

"Well, d'ye see, 'tis this way," explained Dick. "If a man do want for to get drunk, drunk he'll get if there be forty policemen arter him. If he's willin' to make a beast of hisself, and to ruin his wife and family, and to get out o' work an' everything, for the sake of a drap o' drink, 'tisn't a policeman that 'ull stop him. And if a chap do want to fight another chap—his blood bein' up, d'ye see—he'll fight 'en ah, that he will! and give no thought at all to the chance o' bein' run in for it. And jist same way-if a body has a notion to trap a rabbit, trap it he will,

keeper or no keeper."

Here Dick selected a sapling and began to trim it leisurely, pursing up his lips the while in a silent

"I'll not tell Whittle all you've said," remarked Betty with dignity, as she shifted her baby from one arm to the other, and prepared to walk on. "He mid

arm to the other, and prepared to walk on. "He mid think you was a poacher yourself."
"You may tell him if ye like," retorted Dick; and then he whistled out loud and clapped his hands at the baby, which thereupon laughed ecstatically, and almost sprang from his mother's arms. The keeper's wife relaxed, and mentally resolved to make no allusion to Dick's unorthodox sentiments in conversing with her husband. Jim himself had said that it wouldn't be so bad if folks only kept to rabbits, and Dick had intimated that he would never care to touch anything else. A body should not be too hard, she reflected, on a poor fellow who had no home, so to speak; why, he was almost like a wild creature of the woods himself, living out in all weathers, sleeping often under the stars, picking up a chance meal as he best couldthere was no great wonder if he had become as law-less as the four-footed "varmint" against whom the keepers waged such fierce war.

One evening, shortly before the great shoot was to take place, Jim came home to tea in a state of contained excitement. When the meal was over he went to the door, and began, to his wife's surprise, to examine the fastenings carefully.

"'Tis a good stout bolt," he remarked; "and the lock be a new 'un. I'd 'low if house was shut up you wouldn't be afeared to bide alone in it?"

Betty immediately demonstrated the presence of mind which she would be like to display under such

circumstances by uttering a loud scream.
"Oh, Jim, Jim!" she cried, "why be goin to stop out all night? I do know so well as if you did

tell me that you be going into danger."

"Danger!" cried the keeper, thumping his great chest, "not much fear o' that! There, don't ye be so foolish. Me and Stubbs be a-goin' over t'other side o' the park down to the river to see to that 'ere decoy for duck, as squire be so set on puttin' to rights. 'Tis five mile away; we be like to be kep' late, very late—till daybreak, most like, but do you make the house fast, old 'ooman, and no harm 'ull come to either of us.''

Had Betty not been so much absorbed in the main issue she might have detected something improbable about the keeper's story; but, as it was, her fears for him were almost lost in the horror of being left all night alone in that desolate spot.

Jim, however, jested at her terrors, and himself made the round of the cottage, fastening the casements and securing the seldom-used front-door. He stood outside the threshold while she drew the bolts and locked the back one.

"Get to thy bed early," he called to her. "Go to sleep so fast as thou can; and first thing thou knows thou'lt hear me knockin' to be let in."

But somebody else knocked before Betty had any thought of going to bed; before, indeed, she had finished washing up the tea-things.
"Who's that?" cried she, thrusting a scared face

out of the window.

"It's me, Mrs. Whittle — Dick Tuffin. I've a-brought ye back your hamper what I promised to mend for ye. Why, ye be shut up very early,

"Whittle's gone travellin' off a long way," she swered with a scarcely perceptible sob. "There he answered with a scarcely perceptible sob. "There he be gone to the river—'tis a good five mile off, he do say. I'm frightened to death here by myself."

She heard him laugh in the darkness.

"How'ud ye like to be my little wife," he asked, 'as bides alone night after night, wi' nobody but the be afeared, Mrs. Whittle. Your house be so safe as a church; and there's Duke—he's big enough and strong enough to guard ye. Hark to en barking now, the minute he do hear my voice!"

"Well, and that's true," agreed Betty in a more charful tone. "There we for mondia," the harmone.

cheerful tone. "Thank ye for mendin' the hamper, Mr. Tuffin. I'll open the door in a minute."
"No, don't ye bother to do that," said Dick. "The hamper'll take no harm out here till morning. Good-

"Good-night," said Betty, closing the window.

She heard the sound of his footsteps die away, and then the loneliness of the forest night seemed to close in upon her. Jim had often been out as late as this, and later; but the mere knowledge that he did not intend to return till daybreak made her more nervous than she had ever been. When the logs crackled or fell together she started violently; the moaning of the wind in the branches without filled her with dread, though often when she and her husband each by the though often, when she and her husband sat by the hearth, they had declared the sound made them feel more snug. More than once she opened the window and listened: a fine, close rain was falling, making a dull patter upon the thatched roof, dripping from the eaves; but besides these sounds there were many others—strange, unaccountable, terrifying—creakings and crackings of boughs; now what seemed to be a stealthy tread, now whispering voices. She chid herself for these fancies, knowing well that they must be without foundation, since Duke remained silent; nevertheless, her flesh crept, and the dew of terror

started to her brow.

At length, making a strong resolution, she went up to her attic bedchamber, undressed, and, taking the child into her arms, crept into bed. But she lay there for a long time, quaking, and staring with wide-open eyes into the darkness; until, overcome by sheer fatigue after a long and busy day, she fell asleep.

She woke up suddenly, and sat for a moment vainly endeavouring to disentangle the confusion of sound which filled her ears. Her heart was beating like a drum, the blood surging in her brain—a dream-panic was still upon her, and yet there were certain other unmistakable noises to be heard without. Duke was barking in frenzied fashion and straining at his chain; men were shouting at no very great distance, and now—what was that? A single shot!

"It's the poachers!" exclaimed Betty, with chattering teeth. "Pray God they don't come here!"

In the midst of her anguish of fear she felt a sudden rush of gratitude. Jim was safe out of the way, thanks be! Jim would not be back till the folks had got off with their spoil. But now Duke was whimpering and crying in a most eerie and heartrending manner, and presently uplifted his voice in long-drawn howls, which jarred upon Betty's overwrought nerves beyond endurance. She jumped out of bed and ran to the casement. It had ceased raining, and though the moon rode between piles of angry clouds, she sent forth at that moment an extraordinarily clear light. Betty could see the skeleton branches of the trees all wet and shining as they tossed against the sky; the little paved path glimmered white; yonder stood a dark patch—Dick's hamper. She could see Duke pacing round and round his kennel, at the utmost length of his chain; now sniffing the ground, now lifting up his head for another howl.

She rapped at the pane and called to him sharply; and the dog looked up at her window, and suddenly wheeled in the opposite direction, pricking his ears.

Steps were heard approaching—slow, lagging steps—and presently two figures came staggering together out

of the wood. Betty screamed as they emerged from the shadow, and then leaned forth, paralysed with dread; for as the two slowly advanced into the moonlit path she recognised Stubbs, the under-keeper, and saw that he was supporting, almost carrying, his companion.

"Be that you, Mrs. Whittle?" cried Stubbs. "Come down, Mum, come down this minute! This be a bad night's work!"

The man leaning upon him raised his head with an inarticulate attempt to speak, and Betty saw that it was Jim-her own Jim-her husband! But, oh! what tale was that told by the drawn features and glassy eyes?

She had screamed at the unknown terror, but she uttered no sound now. Before they reached the door she had mechanically thrown on her dress over her nightgown, and had come downstairs, pattering with her bare feet. She flung open the door and put her arms round her husband, almost as if she grudged him any support but hers.

"My poor little 'ooman!" said Jim brokenly; "I'd 'low I'm done for."

With Stubbs' aid she stretched him on the sofa, and unfastened coat and waistcoat. She drew out her hand from his bosom suddenly, and looked at it with a

shudder: it was red! - "Ah, he's got the whole charge in 'en somewhere," groaned Stubbs. "There was a lot of 'em out to-night, and we catched one of 'em; he fought like a devil, he did—'twas in wrestling wi' him poor Whittle's gun went off. Dear to be sure, 'tis awful to think on. gun!"

"Where's the man?" asked Betty sharply; her face was as white as a sheet-her lips drawn back from her

gleaming teeth.

"Oh, he made off, ye mid be sure," returned the other. "I don't know who he was. 'Twas in the thick o' the trees yonder we come on 'em. Moon had gone in and 'twas as dark as pitch."

"Do you think my husband will die!" gasped

Betty.

"Ah! 'tis a bad job—'tis surely,'' responded the other, almost whimpering; "and the worst on't is we other, almost whimpering; adoctor."

be nigh six mile from a doctor."

"Oh, Mr. Stubbs," cried the keeper's wife earnestly,
"let's do everything we can, any way! Will ye go for
the doctor for me? Do! I'll—I'll give ye every penny
in the house if ye will!"

"Lard! my dear woman I don't want no pay

"Lard! my dear woman, I don't want no pay for doin' what I can at sich a time. I'll go, to be sure, an' make so much haste as I can; but won't ye be afeared to bide here all alone — and him so bad?"

Betty saw that he expected her husband would die

before his return, but she did not flinch.

"I will do anything in the world so long as there's a chance of saving him!" she cried. "Run, Mr. Stubbs, run! Make haste!"

Stubbs drew his arm from beneath the wounded man's shoulder, and hastened away without another word. Betty went to her linen-drawer, and found an old sheet, which she tied round Jim's body to staunch the bleed-ing; he seemed to have received the charge chiefly in his right side. He opened his eyes and smiled at her faintly, and then she dropped on her knees beside him.
"Jim," she whispered, "you never went away arter all?"

He shook his head feebly. "I meant it for the best," he said; "I heard these chaps would be up to their tricks to-night, and I thought me and Stubbs'ud catch them."

"Oh, Jim," said Betty, "ye told me a lie!"
"I meant it for the best, my dear," he returned faintly. "I didn't want ye to be frayed—poor little 'ooman! Ye mustn't be vexed."

Betty stooped and kissed him, and he closed his eyes.
"I reckon I'm goin'," he said. "Well, I done
my dooty. But what 'ull ye do, my dear?"
"I'll manage," said Betty.
Her voice had a harsh note quite unlike its own;

Her voice had a harsh note quite unlike its own; she sank down in a heap on the floor, staring before her. She knew what she should do if Jim died. She would first of all find the man who had killed him, and then—oh, he should pay for it!

Jim had fallen into a kind of drowsy state, and presently his hand slipped down and unconsciously toxched hers: it was very cold. Betty, rousing herself, went towards the hearth, drawing the embers together. There was not enough fuel, however, to make much of a fire; and, softly opening the door, she went out to the woodshed, her bare feet making no sound on the damp stones. As she was returning with her burden the wicket-gate swung open, and Dick Tuffin came up the path.

"Mrs. Whittle! Mrs. Whittle!" he called pantingly. She turned and confronted him. The moon had

She turned and confronted him. The moon had dipped behind the trees and she could not distinguish face, but something in the aspect of the man struck

her with a lightning-like intuition.
"Come in," she said hoarsely.
Dick followed her into the house, starting back at sight of the prostrate figure on the couch. Betty

piece of furniture, which was presently pushed against

the door. "Mrs. Whittle!" he called out, "what are you doing? Are you mad?"

Then came Betty's voice, harsh and broken: "I've got you, Dick Tuffin! Ye can't get out; there's no window and no other door, I've got ye and I mean to keep ye! Ye've killed my husband—you've made me a widow and my child an orphan—or'. I'll not rest till I do the case. an' I'll not rest till I do the same by your wife and your child."

And then something else came battering up against the door. Dick had no doubt but that the barricade was now complete. He felt about him in the darkwas now complete. He left about him in the dark-ness, identifying shelves, one or two small barrels, a crock or two: he was in the buttery most likely. He might possibly force his way out; the bolt was in all probability not very strong, and once the door was opened he could soon do away with all other obstacles; but then he would have that fierce woman to obstacles; but then he would have that herce woman to encounter. He could not escape without doing her some hurt, and the awful face of the wounded man would again meet his gaze. Besides, of what use would it be to attempt to escape? He was well known in the place, and the police would soon track him.

He sat down, therefore, with the resignation of despair, shivering from time to time, and straining his

would give him up to the police, and he would be tried and convicted and hanged.

Dick was not very learned in the statutes of his country, and had no manner of doubt that since the keeper had been killed in struggling with him—by his hand, it might be said, for the gun had gone off owing to Dick's endeavour to wrench it away—he would have to pay the full penalty of the law. To be hanged by the neck until he was dead. He put his hand to his throat, and drew a long sobbing breath.

After what seemed an interminable time, he heard area more the sound of voices in the history a may're

once more the sound of voices in the kitchen—a man's voice and Betty's—then a quick firm step crossing the room to the house-door, and finally the retreating sounds of a horse's feet. Then there was a scraping and bumping of furniture; the rim of light which had been perceptible but half-way down the door suddenly lengthened, the bolt grated in its hasps, and in another moment Betty stood before him.

Dick had been so long imprisoned in the darkness that at first he could hardly bear the flood of wintry light which burst upon him. And there, in the midst of it, was the woman, with so bright a face that he could be control this own. Shortesthad out help hands scarce credit his eyes. She stretched out both hands

to him and cried-

"He be to live! Doctor says he be to live!" Her voice faltered and broke, the tears leaped from



dropped her wood on the hearth and came swiftly across to him with her panther-like tread. There was an expression on her face which might have recalled the beast in question. She placed both her hands upon his breast, and he, giving way before them, stepped backwards a few paces.

"Look at him," said Betty; "he is dying! Dick Tuffin, it is you who have killed my husband!"

"I swear I didn't know it was him," faltered Dick.
"I'd no thought of harm. I went out with the others for a frolic. You yourself did tell I your husband was miles away."

She had told him! He would make out that she

She had told him! He would make out that she had delivered him into their hands! A red mist came

"Even when he did catch I," went on Dick, "I didn't know who 'twas. But somebody told me jist now that Stubbs was runnin' for the doctor for en, so I come—I couldn't rest, ye see. I had to come. Mrs. Whittle, I don't know what you'll say to me.''

Betty said nothing at all, but the steady pressure of her hands upon his breast increased, and, as before, Dick recoiled beneath it. Her eyes were blazing in her white face; her dishevelled fair hair fell about her shoulders. Dick gazed at her remorsefully, suffering her unresistingly to push him the length of the little room and through an open doorway. He imagined her to be ejecting him from the house, but all in a moment she threw her whole weight upon him with-such violence that he stumbled and fell. Before he could recover he found the door closed upon him and bolted. He heard hasty steps in the inner room and the dragging across the floor of some heavy

ears for every sound in the next room. He heard poor Jim groan now and then, and Betty speak to him in a voice of such yearning tenderness that it was scarce recognisable as the same which had threatened himself a little while before. He thought of Betty as she self a little while before. He thought of Betty as she had first come upon him, so young and gay in her pink dress and with her yellow hair glancing in the sun, and of the child which he had so often dandled in his arms. Widow and orphan! Widow and orphan! And all because Dick Tuffin had gone out with a few idle chaps for a night's frolic. And then he thought of his own little woman at home: he seemed to see her in her "deep." And the little one, who would never be able to hold up his head because they hanged her in her "deep." And the little one, who would never be able to hold up his head because they hanged his father

Thus did he muse very sorrowfully until slumber overtook him in that inexplicable fashion with which it will sometimes come upon the weary and anxious of heart. And he slept until the grey light of morning began to creep through the chinks of the

He heard voices in the adjoining room — men's voices, and then Betty's; then the tread of feet walking in unison. The little stairs creaked; the heavy footfalls now tramped in the room overhead, then descended again, and crossed the kitchen. Now the folks were leaving the house; he could hear them clattering down the path, and caught the swing of the gate.

"It's all over," he said to himself; "they've carried the poor chap upstairs."

A sudden numbness came upon him: it was true, then, and not a bad dream. Poor Jim Whittle was dead, and he, Dick, had killed him; and now Betty

her eyes. "Thank God!" she cried. "Oh, thank God! He'll live! My Jim's to live!"

Dick came staggering forth from his cell. His brown face was blanched to a sickly pallor; he trembled

brown face was blanched to a sickly pallor; he trembled in every limb. Choking back her sobs, Betty again extended her hand to him, and he wrung it; but, turning from her, leaned against the wall, hiding his face. His shoulders were heaving.

"Doctor says he'll not die," pursued Betty betwixt laughing and crying. "He's young and strong, he says, and he'll get over it. 'We'll get as much lead as we can out of him,' says doctor, 'and he'll carry the rest, quite comfortable, as many another has quite comfortable, as many another has before him.

She laughed a feeble, wavering laugh that ended in a sob, "He said we'd best get him upstairs and put him to bed," continued Betty. "Stubbs and another man come up from the village, so they carried

him up; and doctor's been with him a long time, and he's sleepin' now."

She told her tale brokenly, with a little gasp between each word; but Dick made no comment. Presently he turned round again, his face still working.

"Mrs. Whittle," he said unsteadily, "I'd like ye to hear me say so solemn as I can, as I'll never lay to the finger on any creature in the woods. I'll another finger on any creature in the woods. I'll never touch another feather——"

"Oh, it's all right, it's all right! 'interrupted she quickly. "I'd like ye to hear me say summat too. I was mad last night, but I bain't so hard-hearted as I made out. Even if my Jim had died I wouldn't never ha'—I wouldn't ha' made a widow of your poor wife, nor yet an orphan o' the baby."

THE END.

## WAR NEWS, OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL.



OFFICIAL: DOLING OUT THE NEWS FROM THE FRONT AT THE WAR OFFICE, ST. PETERSBURG.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN RUSSIA.

Mr. Julius Price Writes: "Every day, and sometimes several times a day, the representatives of the Press attend at the War Office and are given the official version of the course of events, with such explanations as Colonel Dobrorolsky, of the Headquarters Staff, chooses to add. The information thus doled out is usually of the vaguest and most meagre description."

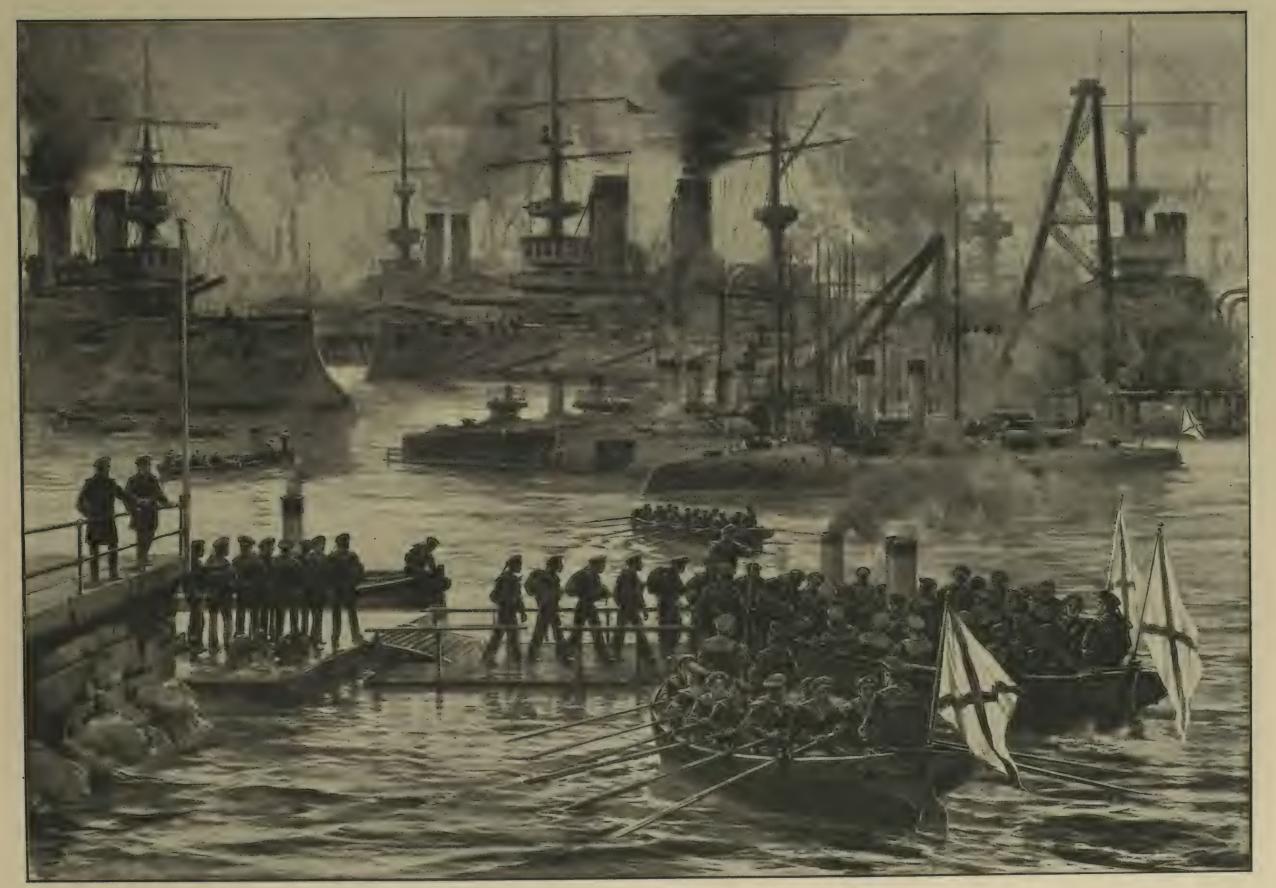


UNOFFICIAL: A WOUNDED RUSSIAN TELLING COMRADES THE STORY OF THE FIGHTING ROUND HAI-CHENG.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS HAMILTON.

The wounded Russian shown in the photograph was decorated for valour at Hai-cheng.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY AND H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRONSTADT.



THE LAST NAVAL HOPE OF RUSSIA: THE DOUBTFULLY EFFICIENT BALTIC FLEET ON THE EVE OF SAILING.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CURIOSITIES OF DIGESTION.

Digestion may be exactly defined as consisting of those functions or actions which result in the conthose functions or actions which result in the conversion of the food into a state or condition in which it can be added to the blood. If the aim of food-taking is to renew and repair the vital fluid—subject to continual loss as the result of bodily work—it is clear our nutriment must gain admittance to the blood before its duty can be discharged. A point not ordinarily realised is that our food exhibits a more or loss close resemblance to the chemical composition of less close resemblance to the chemical composition of the body itself. Thus, meat-foods and the like show a decided similarity to our own bodily structure. Vegetable foods, on the other hand, consisting largely of starches and sugars, require a greater amount of digestive work to fit them for their office. The liker a food is to ourselves, in other words, the more easily is it incorporated with us, to become part and parcel of us, or to afford us the material out of which we can develop "energy," which last is "the power of doing work."

One of the curiosities of digestion is that found in the case of certain plants. In all plants, of course, digestion occurs, whereby the water, minerals, carbonic acid gas, and ammonia (which constitute the menu of the ordinary plant) are converted into plant-tissue. Many plants store up food against what may be called a physiological rainy day. This result we see in the case of tubers, full of starch, which, converted into sugar—for starch and sugar are chemically allied—is ultimately used in the processes of vegetable life. It is much the same with ourselves. We consume a deal of starch daily, finding it in bread, rice, tapioca, potatoes, and like foods; but starch, as such, is useless to us. It must be converted into a sugar before it can be utilised in the frame. The saliva of our mouths effects this starch-conversion, as also does the sweetbread juice; for sugar is soluble, and can be carried by the blood, while starch is not. One of the curiosities of digestion is that found in carried by the blood, while starch is not.

Animals and plants therefore exhibit a close like-Animals and plants therefore exhibit a close likeness in respect of certain of their digestive processes. Still more clearly is this seen when we contemplate the case of plants which feed on animal matter. Such plants as the Venus fly-trap and the Droseras, or sundews, capture insects by aid of their sensitive leaves. In the leaf the insect is duly digested by means of a secretion which is poured out from the leaf-glands. When analysed, this secretion is found very closely to resemble either the gastric juice of the animal stomach, or, as some botanists think, the juice of the sweethread. The some botanists think, the juice of the sweetbread. result of the action, however, is practically the same in the plant as in the animal. The food is digested in the truest sense of the term, and is thus made capable of being applied to the uses and wants of the living being.

One curiosity of digestion is undoubtedly that which one currently of digestion is undoubtedly that which has reference to the work of the stomach itself. The popular notion that the stomach "digests everything" is utterly erroneous. For the stomach has little or no power to affect starches, sugars, and fats, and as these foods make up the bulk of our daily nutriment it may foods make up the bulk of our daily nutriment it may therefore be said that the organ in question plays only a small part in digestion. Yet that part is important enough. The foods over which the stomach exerts its power are what are called "nitrogenous" materials. They are represented by beef-juice, white of egg, and milk and similar substances. Such foods are changed by the stomach into "peptones," while the starch, sugar, and fat are passed onwards to be digested in the intestine.

The history of the "peptones" into which our meatfoods are converted in the stomach constitutes yet another curiosity of the digestive process. They are intended for rapid absorption into the blood. They must therefore be dealt with speedily and at once, since they constitute the material which goes to repair the actual tissue-waste of the frame. The stomach, having converted the meat-foods into peptones, passes them on to the liver. This organ, which has, theoretically at least, to bear a large share of digestive troubles and burdens, deals with the peptones, converts them into a form suitable for bodily nourishment, and pays them out to the blood in this latter shape. But a more curious fact remains for explanation. Why the peptones should be sent to the liver for treatment might form the subject of a rational query.

To this inquiry the reply given by science is clear enough, if it is also startling. "Peptones" are poisons, and, if they gain access to the blood, render us subject to the attack of illness. Darwin himself remarked that one of the most astonishing facts of life was that our food at a certain stage of its digestion was of a poisonous character. This is true, and so long as the liver acts as a kind of filter between the blood and the food, all is well. When the duties of the liver are food, all is well. When the duties of the liver are neglected we then suffer accordingly. When Mr. Mallock wrote his book entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" Punch replied that all depended on the liver. This was an extremely apt remark—more apt, indeed, than the wit may have supposed. For the liver is a very valuable personal possession, exercising effects on foods such as prevent them from harming us, and converting them into a form in which they can be safely added to the common currency of the body—in other words, the blood. body-in other words, the blood.

The microscope has made us also acquainted with many curiosities of digestion. It is now admitted that certain microbes which inhabit our interior have much to do with the proper performance of digestive work. But these are friendly germs, not foes as are some of the host of living particles that environ and encompass our life. Even the process of nourishing ourselves may thus be shown to exhibit actions which, in respect of their strange nature, do not fall short of the remarking. ANDREW WILSON.

### CHESS.

To Correspondents.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G S Johnson (Cobham).—Amended problems received with thanks. No. 1 we must at once discard on account of crowded position; one of the others at least we trust to find suitable.

R Ber (Colsterworth).—Thanks, it shall receive full consideration.

H E Kidden (Liverpool).—Much obliged. The problem seems a very pleasing one.

pleasing one.

J P TAYLOR —Very neat, and will doubtless interest our solvers as usual.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Solutions received with thanks. When may we expect another of your admirable compositions?

A M CRISP (Canonbury).—We usually fear first attempts, but will see what your efforts are like and report in due course.

your efforts are like and report in due course.

Disco.—There is nothing of interest in your problem. It is obvious you must pin the Black Pawn at Q B 7th, and the play has no point afterwards.

Correct Solutions of Problems Nos. 3139 and 3140 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of Nos. 3144 and 3145 from George Fisher (Belfast) and Robert H Hixon (New York City); of No. 3147 from Robert H Hixon (New York City) and C Field Junior (Athol. Mass.); of No. 3147 from W H Bedford (Openshaw), C Field Junior (Athol. Mass.), and F Drakeford (Brampton); of No. 3148 from George Fisher (Belfast), Frank William Atchinson (Lincoln), A G Bagot (Dublin), Miss E Neil (Headford), Tom Boyce, W H Bedford (Openshaw), Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), A G (Panesova), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Doryman.

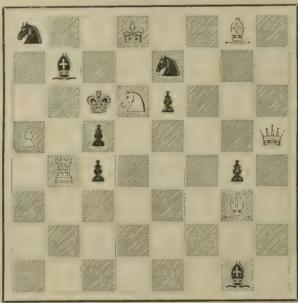
Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3150 received from E G Rodway

and Doryman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3140 received from E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), A Belcher (Wycombe), A Matthews (Bristol), R C L (Oxford), M Hobbouse, Doryman, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A G Bagot (Dublin), C E Perugini, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Alpha, Café Glacier (Marseilles), F Henderson (Leeds), Clement C Danby, E J Winter-Wood, Fire Plug, Reginald Gordon, R Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), H S Brandreth (San Moritz), L Desanges, A F Sanders (Liverpool), Charles Burnett, T Roberts, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3148.-By A. W. DANIEL.

PROBLEM No. 3151.—By PERCY HEALEY. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves

CHESS IN HASTINGS Game played in the National Championship Tournament, between Messrs. ATKINS and MACKENZIE.

(()ueen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
r. P to O 4th	P to Q 4th	31. R to Q sq	Kt to B and
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	32. B to R 4th	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	The managures or	White's Rishon no
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	become interesting, an	d contribute largel
5. P to K 3rd	Castles	to the final result. To	take it from K R 6t
6. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	to Q R sq in the existi	
7. R to B sq	P to Q R 3rd	volumes for the ingenu the first player.	ity and foresigni c
8. P takes P	P takes P	i inc mar player.	77 / 77
9. B to Q 3rd	P to B 3rd	32.	R to K sq
ro. Castles	Kt to K. sq	33. Q to 13 2nd	Q to R 3rd
11. B to K B 4th		34. B to K sq	Q to K 3rd
White is playing to	his score, and natur-	35. B to B 3rd	R to K 2nd
ally wants to avoid all c	hances of a draw.	36. R to Q 2nd	Kt to K sq
II.	P to K B 4th	37. B to R sq	Kt to Kt 2nd
12. Kt to K 5th	Q Kt to B 3rd	38. Q to Kt 2nd	R to Q B 2nd
13. Q to B and	P to Kt 3rd	39. Kt to B 4th	
14. P to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th	Well played. The	
15. B to R 6th	Q Kt to Kt 2nd	taken on account of	
16. Kt to R 4th	B to K 3rd	its next move establish the enemy's position w	ith fatal effect.
17. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Kt sq	inc enemy's position w	
18. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt	39.	R to K 2nd
19. P takes B	P to K Kt 4th	40. Kt to Q 6th	
At this point the gan		41. Q to B 6th (ch)	
marked on both sides and accuracy.	by the greatest care	If Q takes Q, 42. B ta	akes Q, R to Q 2110
to the contract of	The West	43. B takes Kt, and one important Pawns must i	fall. But the captur
20. P to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	is only delayed for a tiu	
21. Q to Kt 4th	Q to B 2nd · Kt to B 3rd		P to R 3rd
22. Q to Q 4th	Kt to K 5th	42. Q to R 4th	R takes B
23. R to Q B 3rd	OR to K sq	43. B takes Kt	Q to Kt 3rd
21. R to B 2nd 25. R tks Kt at K s		44. Q to R 5th	O takes O

The National Chess Championship Tournament at Hastings ended as follows: Messrs. Napier and Atkins ted for first honours, Blackburne was third, and Bellingham fourth. The first two are to play a match of three games to decide who shall hold the tile. It will be remembered Napier also tied with Shoosmith for the Sir George Newnes Challenge Cup, which has also to be played off at an early date. The First-class Amateurs' Tournament was held in three sections, but there was no time for a final competition, as was intended, between the respective winners. These are the winners of the hast prizes; Gunston, Sherrard, and Richmond; second prizes: Cheshire, Wainwright, and Leonhardt. The Ladies' Championship was won by Miss Finn, with Mrs. Anderson a good second. A word of congratulation is due to the Hastings executive for the great success that attended their efforts to make this Sussex fortnight a pleasant memory to everybody who took part in it, whether a player or visitor.

## TERMS OF CUBSCRIPTION

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," PAID IN ADVANCE.

AN "INVASION" OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

In the war-game, which is the peace practice of the game of war, there is always an immense amount of make-believe, and this was exceptionally the case with the late army manœuvres in Essex. For it was given out by the War Office that the plan of operations was in no way connected with home defence, and that, for the purposes of the manœuvres, England was regarded as a foreign country, in which a British force was to land after the command of the sea had been completely secured by the defeat of the hostile fleet. Why resort was had to this flimsy fiction it is hard to see, but anyhow no one was taken in by it hard to see, but, anyhow, no one was taken in by it—
least of all the foreign military Attachés, who kept
murmuring as they went and watched: "Nomine
mutato narratur fabula de le." It was not an
invasion, explained the War Office, but only an experiment in unopposed disembarkation. Heaven knows we have had plenty of experience in embarking troops, especially during the Boer War; but as these troops were shipped from wharves, so they also stepped ashore on quays and jetties. What we wanted, said the War Office, was an up-to-date experiment in landing an army on a quayless coast—perhaps, even a surfan army on a quayless coast—perhaps, even, a surf-beaten shore—such as we have never been called upon to make since our Army of the Crimea disembarked in boats and rafts at Eupatoria.

But even if the chief features of our military man-

But even if the chief features of our military manœuvres this year were declared to be the landing and
re-embarkation of a little army, forming about two-thirds
of our "striking force" at Aldershot, under the fiction
aforesaid, the only wonder is that Essex, of all counties
in England, should have been selected as the scene
of operations. For if an invasion of England—abste
omen!—is ever attempted, the chances are ten to one
in favour of its being done from the shores of East
Anglia. Hitherto, when hearing talk of invasion, our
minds have naturally turned somehow to the south minds have naturally turned somehow to the south coast, on which the Romans and the Normans landed, and on which the Spaniards of Medina Sidonia would also have stepped ashore, with fire and sword in hand, but for the happy intervention of Howard of Effingham and his brave Elizabethan sailors. Dutch William also landed in Devonshire and thence marched on London, which must, of course, be the main objective of all invaders. Had Napoleon been able to get brief command of the Channel, he, too, would have thrown his army of Boulogne across to our southern

coast.

But since that time the natural line of invasion for the French-and much more so for the Germans-has changed from the south to the east, the direction prechanged from the south to the east, the direction preferred by the Danes of old. The line of advance on the capital from the south coast, apart from its greater length, is richer in natural positions of defence—in these days of long-range rifled artillery fire—than East Anglia, especially Essex, with its bay and estuary-indented shore favourable for the landing of troops. Whichever line of invasion found favour with the French, the Germans would certainly prefer our east coast, and line of invasion found favour with the French, the Germans would certainly prefer our east coast, and now they must be more than grateful to our War Office and Admiralty for showing them all our contrivances for landing an army on a quayless shore, at the very place, no doubt, which they themselves would choose for the same purpose. Nothing can have been more interesting to them since they became a naval as well as a united people. It is only a pity that we did not extend the limits of our exhibition, and show them whether or not it would be feasible for them to effect a landing on our shores in the face of such emergency opposition as we could bring to bear upon them. This would have been a manœuvre worth seeing and describing, and it is difficult to see why it was them. This would have been a manœuvre worth seeing and describing, and it is difficult to see why it was omitted from the programme. One explanation was that it would have cost so much more money to do the thing in proper, realistic style; but the extra cash would have been well expended if it had enlightened the country as to the feasibility or otherwise of a foreign landing, and thus done more to advance the cause of Army reform — with its radical question of conscription or no conscription—than volumes of Parliamentary debate and acres of article-writing. of Parliamentary debate and acres of article-writing.

One thing, however, was clear from the landing operation—to wit, that if a foreign enemy had any hope of "forestalling opposition" to his plan of invasion, he would require to be very much quicker with his process of disembarkation than were the sailors who had the task of putting ashore at Clacton Sir John French's "striking force" of 12,000 men and 3000 horses, with guns and baggage in proportion. Some of the newspaper correspondents described the landing operations as a marvel of expedition, but it was a marvel which lasted a whole day as far as the men and horses were concerned, and well into the following day as regards the baggage—and this, too, although One thing, however, was clear from the landing operday as regards the baggage—and this, too, although the sea did not complicate the question by roughness.

In fact it was thus not a perfect test case.

Still, if the main interest and lesson-value of the Essex manœuvres were confined to the landing as an experiment in disembarkation there was no reason why the time-element in this experiment should not have received more attention. The landing was very well done-as everything which our sailors take in hand is invariably well done - but it might have been done quicker. An effort should have been made to establish a record in the putting ashore of men and horses. The landing resources of six cruisers and their crews were at the disposal of ten transports, but this was far from sufficient from the point of view of urgent far from sufficient from the point of view of urgent expedition. There were not enough boats, barges, and lighters, and an inadequate number of steam-launches to tow them over the two miles separating the ships from the shore, for nearer they could not come. As usual, therefore, with most of our manœuvre affairs, the unopposed landing took the form of a half measure scarcely calculated to give us an equivalent return for the £100,000 which was said to be the cost of the experiment, including a month's hire of the ten transports which consumed the greater part of that sum. ports, which consumed the greater part of that sum.



MISSING !—JAPANESE DEAD AND WOUNDED IN A FIELD OF MILLET.

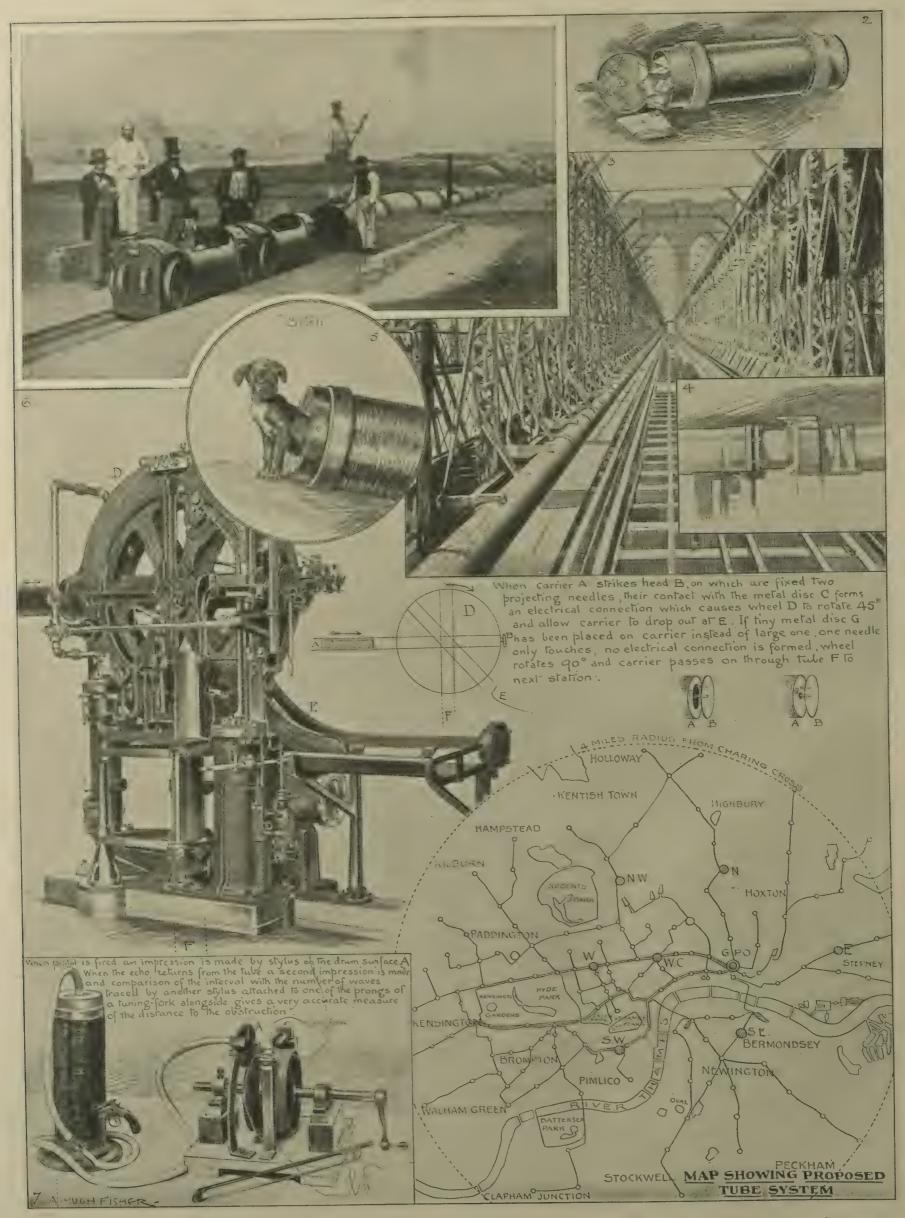
DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

The millet-fields of Manchuria have both aided and handicapped the Japanese in their struggle with Kuropatkin. The crops have served to hide their guns and to mask the movements of their troops; but they have also made the work of the parties searching for dead and wounded exceptionally difficult. A Russian private, wounded in the fighting at Tachtchao, tells how he lay "in the tall millet nearly two hours, lost to all hope of succour"; and the "Times" correspondent, describing the historic battle of Liao-yang, writes:

"Owing to the crops many wounded were not found, and must have died miserably; while many bodies will never be found until the crops are cut."

## PNEUMATIC PARCEL-POST: AN ATTEMPT TO SUPERSEDE THE CARRIER.

SKETCHES BY A. HUGH FISHER.



- 1. A FORERUNDER OF THE PROPOSED SYSTEM:
  PRESUMATIC TUBE LAID IN LONDON IN THE 'FIFTIES.
- 2. A Twelve Inch Carrier; Capacity, 1800 ORDINARY LETTERS.
- 3. The Pneumatic Tube on the Brooklyn Bridge through which ALL LETTERS BETWEEN BROOKLYN AND NEW YORK PASS.
- 4. Expansion Joint in Same to Allow for Heat-Expansion of
- 5. "Batch," who makes Daily Journeys in a Carrier through the Demonstration Tubes at Fulham.
   6. Intermediate Station Sender and Receiver.
- 7. CHRONOGRAPH APPARATUS FOR LOCATING OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE PNEUMATIC TUBES.

The present scheme to undermine London with pneumatic tubes for the conveyance of parcels and letters is a revival. A Pneumatic Despatch Company Act was passed in 1859, and between 1860 and 1865 tubes were laid down in Threadneedle Street, and from Euston Station to Camden Town and Holborn. This enterprise was abandoned in 1876. An article on the proposed new system will be found on "The World's News" page.

## THE FINAL STAGES OF THE TIBETAN CAMPAIGN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION



A NOVEL MEANS OF TRANSPORT ON THE BRAHMAPUTRA: MEMBERS OF THE MISSION CROSSING ON A RAFT SWUNG BETWEEN TWO BERTHON BOATS.



A CAMP ON THE YAMDOK LAKE.



A TIBETAN BOAT FOR BRITISH TROOPS: NATIVE SOLDIERS CROSSING THE BRAHMAPUTRA.



A STRANGE CONVEYANCE: A YAK-SKIN BOAT USED IN CROSSING THE FERRY.



A CONFERENCE WITH THE PEACE DELEGATES.



THE OLD CHAIN SPANNING THE BRAHMAPUTRA.

The crossing of the Brahmaputra, begun on July 25, was rendered exceedingly arduous by the swiftness of the current, nor was it accomplished without loss of life.

As already recorded in this Journal, Major Bretherton and two Sepoys were drowned by the capsizing of a raft—probably the craft shown in our first photograph.

## THE JAPANESE ARMY IN THE FIELD: THE MIKADO'S TROOPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE; COPYRIGHTED BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



IN THE FIRING-LINE AT YANG-ZE-LING: DISTRIBUTING AMMUNITION.



VICTIMS OF THE FORTUNE OF WAR: RECAPTURED RUSSIAN PRISONERS BOUND TO A TFLEGRAPH-POLE.



THE BEARERS AT WORK: THE JAPANESE METHOD OF CARRYING WOUNDED FROM THE BATTLEFIELD.



KINDNESS TO FOES: JAPANESE GIVING WATER TO A WOUNDED RUSSIAN AT YANG-ZE-LING.

## THE JAPANESE ARMY IN THE FIELD: THE MIKADO'S TROOPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



YANG-ZE-LING PASS, THE SCENE OF GENERAL COUNT-KELLER'S DEATH: JAPANESE RESERVES
AWAITING ORDERS UNDER A KNOLL BEHIND THE FIRING-LINE.

SCIENCE IN WAR: BEARING A TELEPHONE-WIRE FOR USE IN THE FIELD.

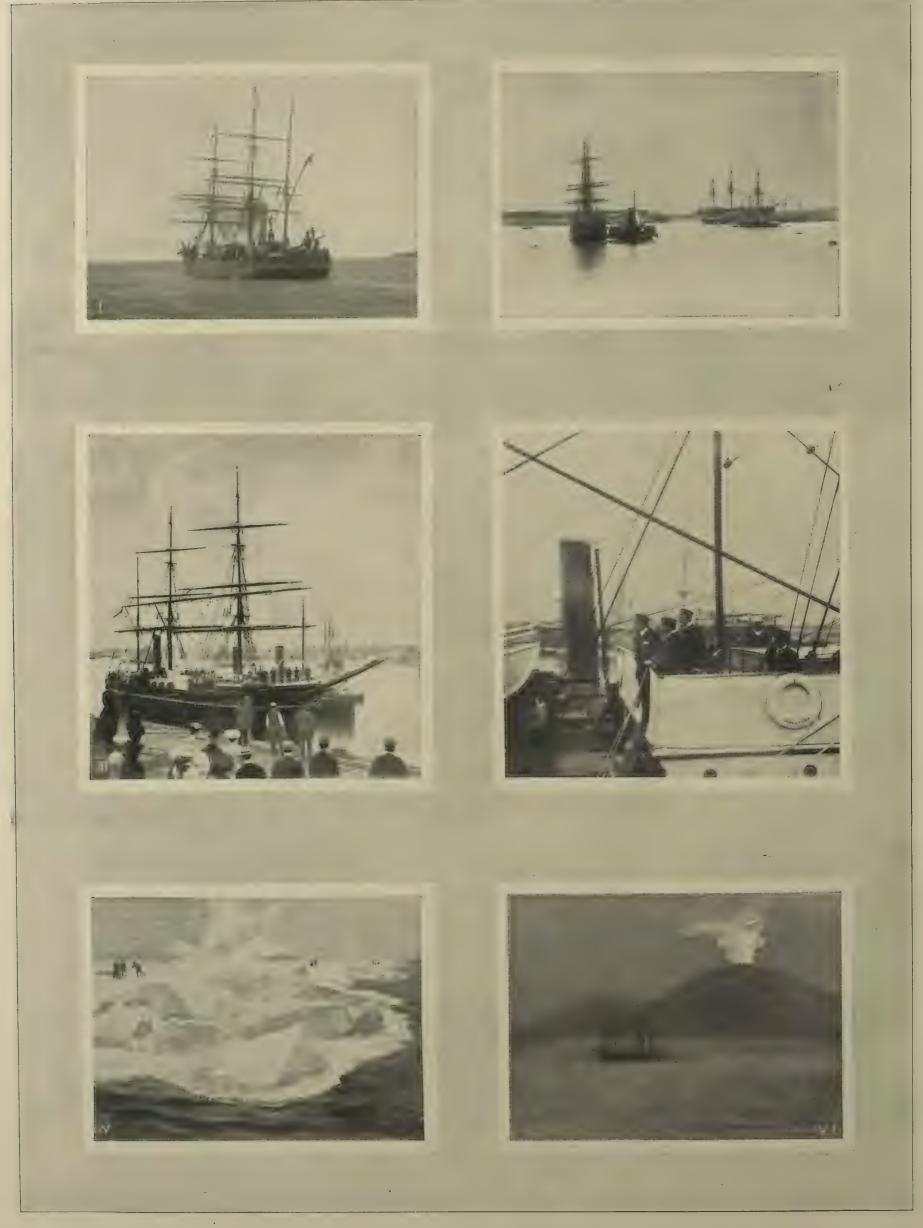


WITHIN TOUCH OF PORT ARTHUR: JAPANESE OUTPOSTS CREEPING UP TO THE FORTS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK PROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTHUR DEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

## FROM THE FURTHEST SOUTH: THE RETURN OF THE "DISCOVERY."

DRAWINGS FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY LIEUTENANT E. H. SHACKLETON, OF THE EXPEDITION; THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB.



- 1. Towards Antarctic Seas: The "Discovery" Leaving Lyttelion, New Zealand, DECEMBER 21, 1901.--(Photo, Eastwood.)
- 3. AFTER THREE YEARS: THE "DISCOVERY" COMING ALONGSIDE THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY, PORTSMOUTH.
- ATTEMPT TO RELEASE THE ICH BOUND "DISCOVERY"; BLASTING EXPERIMENTS.

- 2. The Home Coming of the Expedition: H.M.S. "Vincent" Saluting the "Discovery" on her Arrival at Portsmouth, September 10, 1904.

  4. Captain Scoti's Return to England: The Commander of the Antarctic Expedition and his Officers on the Bridge of the "Discovery."

  6. The "Discovery's" Quarters in the Far South: Captain Scott's Vessel at the Foot of Mount Erebus, MacMurdo Strait.



Duchess Cecilie. Crown Prince.

Photo. Berliner Illustrations-t. ... .

THE BETROTHAL OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: SCHOOL-CHILDREN OFFERING CONGRATULATIONS AT CASTLE GELBENSANDE.



AN ARMY AT SEA: TRANSPORTS CONVEYING THE INVADERS OF ESSEX UP CHANNEL UNDER ESCORT OF CRUISERS.

Drawn by Norman Wilkinson, One of our Special Artisis at the Manœuvres.

## THE BRITISH INVASION OF ESSEX: THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS AT CLACTON-ON-SEA.

Drawing by Parcy Fa S. Spence from a Sketch by/a Naval Officer; Photographs by Bowden.



THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY BRINGING ITS GUNS ASHORE.



LANDING THE HORSES OF THE DRAGOON GUARDS.



NIGHT LANDING BY THE AID OF NAVAL SEARCHLIGHTS: THE TRANSPORT "CONSUELO" DISEMBARKING HORSES AND WAGONS FOR THE ARMY INVADING ESSEX.



SAILORS OF H.M.S. "KENT" LANDING MEN OF THE 2ND WILTS.



HORSES AND MEN OF THE DRAGOON GUARDS GOING ASHORE.

## THE BRITISH INVASION OF ESSEX: THE DISEMBARKATION OF GENERAL FRENCH'S ARMY

Drawn by Allan Stewart and Norman Wilkinson, our Special Artists at the Manœuvris.



THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS AT CLACTON-ON-SEA, SEPTEMBER 7.

For the purpose of the manauvres, Essex ranked as foreign soil. The invaders—twelve thousand men, with sixty guns and three thousand horses—were landed in excellent time. The transports and their escort of cruisers arrived off Clacton shortly after 5 a.m., but the disembarkation, which was watched by the Duke of Connaught, the umpiring and directing staffs, and the foreign attachés, did not begin until about seven. Six landing-stages were constructed by the Biuejackets and Marines—three south of Clacton, and three two miles to the north, at Little Holland.

## LADIES' PAGES

The King and Queen are well loved and served by those The King and Queen are well loved and served by those about their person not merely from loyalty, but also because they are so unfailing in their recognition of service and so faithful to their friendships. In this respect the King follows closely in his mother's footsteps. The news was specially telegraphed from Marienbad that "the King has honoured with his gracious attention" while there the Viscountess Parker, the mother of the youthful Earl of Macclesfield, who was one of Queen Alexandra's graceful group of lordly pages at her Coronation. The royal attention thus shown to the youthful peer and his mother is a token of the affectionate remembrance of the King and Queen of the now venerable Countess of Macclesfield, who was the first Lady-in-Waiting of the Queen when she was a girlfirst Lady-in-Waiting of the Queen when she was a girl-bride. Lady Macclesfield was the mother of a large family when she received the office named on Princess Alexandra's arrival in England; and no more suitable appointment could have been made, as the Lady-in-Waiting was able to "mother" her young royal mistress, as it were. The nurses and the great London mistress, as it were. The nurses and the great London physicians who were expected to be there when the Duke of Clarence was born did not arrive in time, and Lady Macclesfield and the Windsor doctor proved quite equal to the occasion. The venerable lady, forty years after, was able to be present in the Queen's private gallery to witness the Coronation.

Although the German Crown Prince is still so young to marry, the gossips have been busy about his possible choice for several years past. Of course, they have never guessed near the right place. The Emperor is marrying his son on the same principle that he himself was espoused—to help in the healing of a dynastic tender spot. The marriage of the present Kaiser aided to conciliate the feeling that remained from the contest between Prussia and Denmark over Schleswig-Holstein, when the people of the latter Duchy schleswig-Holstein, when the people of the latter Duchy were forcibly severed from Denmark and compelled to become Germans. The marriage of the prospective Kaiser is expected to reconcile the royal house of Hanover to their country's absorption in the same great confederacy of Empire. Whether it be true or not that the Crown Prince himself has chosen the bride whom policy selected in the first place to recommend to his policy selected in the first place to recommend to his policy selected in the first place to recommend to his attention must obviously remain conjectural. But probably he has been able to follow the spirit of the counsel of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" to his son: "Doan't you marry fur money, but love wheer money is." After all that sentimentality can say, that is the ideal match wherein reasons of worldly prudence are combined with a degree of personal liking sufficiently definite to give promise of a ripening to calm wedded love under the warm sunshine of mutual kindness and common interests in daily life. Lord Beaconsfield perhaps exaggerated the case when he declared



A SMART BLOUSE FOR DINNER WEAR.

This is constructed of white monsseline-de-soie, with lace on the original and graceful sleeves. Gatherings on the shoulder and down the front arrange the material in artistic folds, which are kept in place by stiff little bows of silk

that "all his male acquaintances who had married that "all his male acquaintances who had married for love beat their wives"; but in sad and sober earnest there are few married people who themselves selected their lives' partners "for love alone" who are not utterly opposed to any young people in whom the experienced elders are interested "marrying for love." It is too seldom possible to add, twenty years after a marriage of personal attraction alone, "And the world was well lost!" But to deprecate selfish imprudence in marriage is by no means the same thing as to advocate the exact reverse—a merely same thing as to advocate the exact reverse—a merely mercenary union, into which enter no considerations of fitness or taste or judgment on any point, save and except pecuniary profit alone. This is despicable.

Rather curiously, in the manner of coincidences, the death of the genial Dean Hole occurs at a moment when the inartistic, dangerous, and ridiculous fashion of crinoline looms close upon us, to remind us of his great friend John Leech, whose pictures of our great-grand-mothers in that guise should serve as an effectual and permanent warning against the enormity of hooped skirts. A glance over the old volumes of Leech's

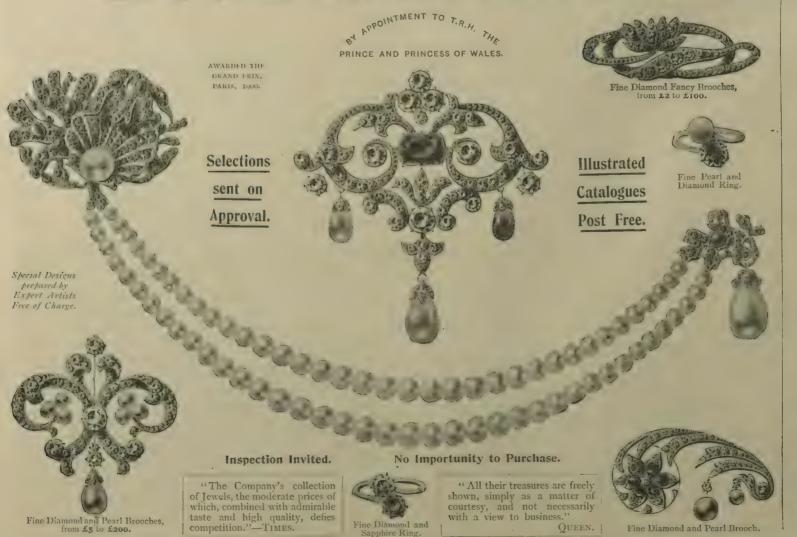
skirts. A glance over the old volumes of Leech's sketches must surely convince anybody that the three epithets of dislike which I have used are justified, and that it will say little for the boasted sense of the women of to-day if the distended skirts of the 'fifties are permitted to return to us now. Dean Hole wrote a charming biographical sketch of his friend Leech. The artist who has left recorded for us the horrors of crinoline was a man of many and good friendships. When Thackeray was once asked who was his dearest friend, he thought for a few moments and then answered, "John Leech." The kindly satirist of the pencil and he of the pen were both, like Dean Hole, more than common tall. Thackeray was six feet two, and the late Dean six feet four. Apropos of the need (referred to here last week) that great workers have for good nourishweek) that great workers have for good nourishment—a need as real for women who mean to do any effective labour as for their brethren—Dean Hole recorded that Leech, who toiled terribly, "was wont to say that he felt as though he deserved a good dinner when he had done a good day's work, and that, as a matter of conomy, he was reluctantly compelled to eat and drink of the best, lest he should injure his manipulation."

But is crinoline trying to come in—or rather, is it the case that dress-manufacturers are endeavouring insidiously to "force the card" upon us? This is too true! Fashions never bound full-grown upon the stage before an astonished world; we should "shy" at them very often if this were the method adopted to at them very often if this were the method adopted to bring in some outrageous novely. Remember the "bustles" of some years ago: had a full-blown "improver," such as a portrait of Mrs. Langtry in the Jubilce year shows, for instance, been proposed at one swoop of the wing of the volatile goddess of Fashion, women would have been aghast; but it began with "a

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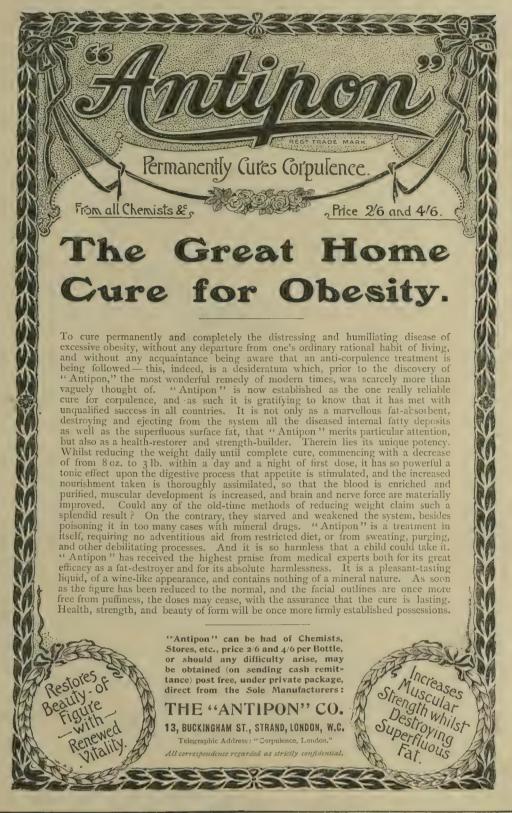
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Reprinted from the "Bristol Mercury," July 14, 1904.



## COUNSEL TO THE CORPULENT.

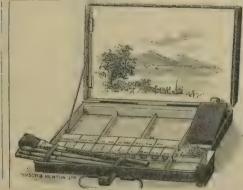
The first piece of advice we would give our corpulent friends is to studiously avoid all the old-time methods of reducing weight which involved a limited. innutritious dietary, with drugging, excessive sweating, and the constant use of cathartics. Such methods are debilitating in the extreme; and if they do bring down the patient to something like normal weight, it is only at the expense of health and strength. Many a sound constitution has been shattered by these abuses. Does an athlete when in training do anything to decrease strength whilst working off superfluous fat? On the contrary, he requires an ample quantity of wholesome, strengthening, muscle-feeding food. This brings us to our second counsel. "Antipon," the great permanent cure for corpulence, which we are pleased to say has been extraordinarily successful, absolutely requires that the subject under treatment should, like the athlete, take ample strengthening nourishment; so while the remarkable fat-destroying properties of "Antipon" are active, the tonic properties are at the same time stimulating appetite and keeping the digestive organs toned up. Thus the extra nourishment, properly digested and assimilated, enriches the blood and helps to make muscle, bone, and nerve-tissue. What a truly beneficent exchange! After a course of "Antipon" the subject is veritably a new being, years younger in appearance, in spirits, in physical and mental vigour. cannot too strongly urge our corpulent readers to take "Antipon," which is as inexpensive as it is efficacious. A day and night after the first dose there will be a reduction of 8 oz. to 3 lb.; this is followed by a steady decrease until complete, permanent cure. "Antipon" is quite harmless, being wholly vegetable, and, as it is a palatable liquid, is pleasant and easy to take. It is sold by chemists, stores, &c., in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; or may be obtained, if difficulty arises, post free, under private package, direct from The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C., on receipt of amount.

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small pad to support the gathers," as the modiste of the period would coaxingly say, and ended as a preposterous "improver." So at this moment I perceive the oncoming of crinoline in the great and weekly growing width of the new skirts round the feet. The visiting gowns for the cooler weather are largely, and to an unusual extent, being built in light-weight fabrics; even in voile, grenadine, canvas, and very soft cloths, as well as the supple varieties of modern silken fabrics; and these sort of skirts in the models from Paris are so excessively wide round in cut that to walk without some support will be very difficult. This would not be a portent of mischief if such gowns could be confined to the use of the owners of carriages. But the style that is quite sensible when worn for driving by a wealthy woman will assuredly be copied by the suburban dame and damsel for their (necessarily) walking and going-bytrain frocks; and then the position becomes intolerable. Nobody can hold up these masses of material in walking along the streets on a windy day; then will enter the hooped support as an aid. Let us all be wise in time, and firmly refuse to allow our new gowns to be of excessive width, whether they be cloth tailor-made short skirts, or trained and betrimmed visiting dresses.

To secure the fullness that we must accept (but that need not be carried to excess) the new skirts are to be pleated, gathered or gauged at the top. They seem to be most often trimmed round at three places. Some have one line of decoration at the knee, the next set halfway below that, and the last at the end of the skirt, a few inches above the hem; others are trimmed at three places equidistant from the waist. In cloth, there are "three-decker" skirts, the top fitted well to the hips, the second flounce moderate in width, and the lower one very full. Plain skirts are quite fashionable for tailor gowns, and some are adorned only with a few strappings of the material or a line of passementeric. Broad military braid and fancy galons in wool and silk are simply applied, and are very serviceable for useful gowns for the "dirty weather," as the sailors call it, which we must needs expect to arrive soon. For this serious order of dresses the sleeves are going to be much smaller, quite compact, and indeed almost coat-sleeves pure and simple; the styles of sleeve for dressy gowns are still undecided, but tend towards fullness, falling to the wrist rather than to the rival fashion that is bidding for popularity, of fullness above the elbow.

A correspondent anxiously inquires whether the blouse is to be considered démodé? Not at all—quite the contrary! It is such a useful and sensible fashion, this of an easy bodice to wear with a dark plain skirt, that we are loth to let it depart; and judging by the display of these valuable garments in the houses where Fashion's secrets are first known, there is no thought at all of doing away with blouses this winter. A flannel shirt can be quite a thing of beauty now,



DESIGN FOR AN AUTUMN COSTUME.

This picturesque gown is made in fine face-cloth; there is a tight-fitting vest trimmed with fancy braid and buttons, and the bolero and cuffs are turned back with white cloth fastened with braid and buttons. The three-decker skirt is stitched down.

so dainty are the colourings and so fine the weave in the good delaines. Buy pure wool—which means do not be too "near" about the price—and you can obtain a dainty pink, mauve, pale blue or agreeable green ground, adorned with spots, sprigs of flowers, or small plaid effects, and possessing as regards the fabric a softness of fold and pleat that are really artistic. White always has a pleasant effect when it is as pure and fresh-looking as it ought invariably, of course, to be in wear; and a white delaine with tiny close-set pink spots all over it took my fancy greatly, made up with a deep yoke of itself passing well down over the top of the arms, and separated from the lower portion by a piping of pink washing silk, under which the fullness was set in by means of very fine gathers. The sleeve was made in two puffs by the aid of a piping of silk round at the elbow, and this was only lightly tacked on so that the fulled part could be released when needful for cleaning the blouse. Another design in delaine of a pale blue with dark blue spots the size of a pea had a strap of navy silk down the front trimmed with big wheel ornaments in silk braid in light blue, the trimming repeated as epaulettes and on a tab at either side of the bust. Another pure white delaine blouse had a flat centrepiece graduated in width to the waist, and three wide folds on each side of the centre trimmed with little buttons set in groups of five; a turn-down collar and a deep cuff were edged with a narrow pink silk frill and a pink-and-white galon.

Evening blouses are equally useful for quiet home dinner and theatre wear. There is a curiously great difference in theatres as to the prevailing fashion of ladies' dress in the stalls. The gowns worn by the audience at some are so much smarter than at others; but a woman who has a delicate chest will do wisely never to go to even the smartest of theatres in a low-cut gown, as draughts are inevitable from time to time. A well-made silk or chiffon blouse, cut down a little at the

gown, as draughts are inevitable from time to time. A well-made silk or chiffon blouse, cut down a little at the throat to give an evening effect and to allow of one's necklaces being visible, is always permissible, and worn with a black skirt of some fragile material or of silk, it will form an adequate theatre costume Velvet answers well for an evening blouse; or the choice of fancy silks is endless. A jewelled passementeric and some good old lace for the trimming are excellent additions, and if it is desired to have the appearance.

and if it is desired to have the appearance of a low gown, even this can be secured by a yoke, discreetly shaped, of pink silk flatly covered with lace. The fichu effect is another pretty way of constructing an evening blouse: some folds of daintily fresh chiffon or silk muslin edged or partly covered with nice lace, leaving a small V-shape opening at the throat, and pinned on with several diamond brooches, is very effective and artistic.



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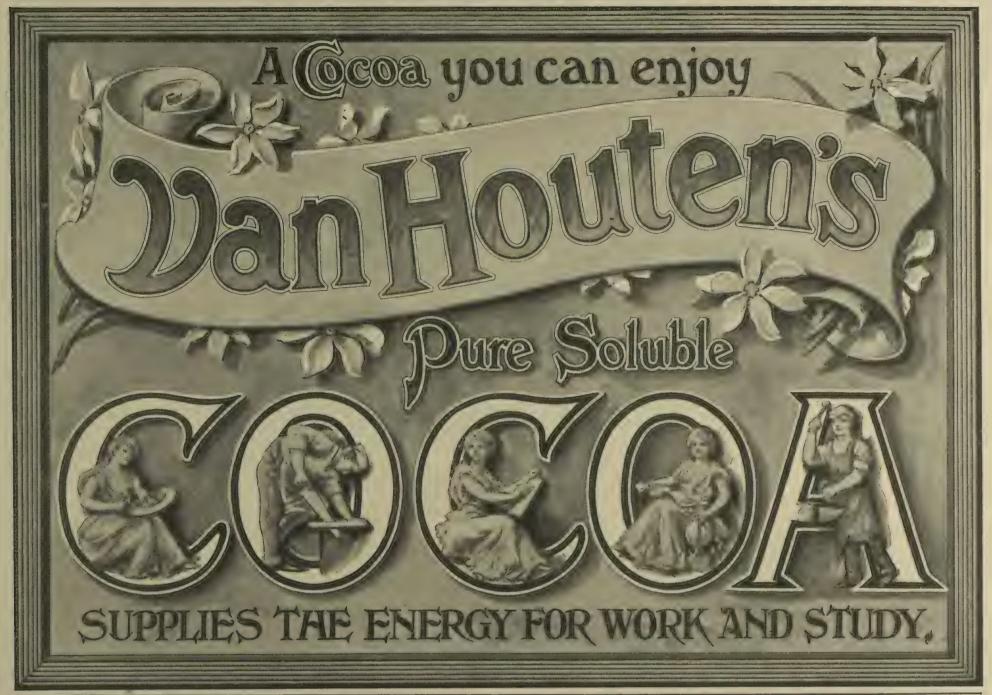
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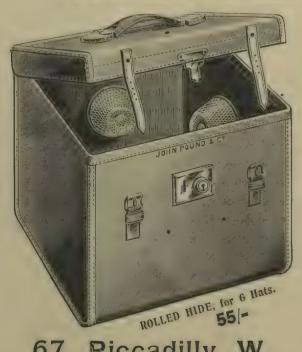
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### ART NOTES.

Liverpool's Autumn Exhibition of modern pictures has been opened in the Walker Art Gallery, where two thousand exhibits occupy ten rooms. That number double the total of pictures seen during the season at Burlington House-must seem to many a deterring one. But it is variously composed. London galleries other

than the Academy's are drawn upon; and there is a salient admixture of Continental canvases. Even so, quality in such a case is insuitably equifical to quaninevitably sacrificed to quan-tity; and the visitor, long practised to that invidious practised to that invidious process, must make his own choice of what he will regard and what he will not. That process is, in fact, a necessary sixth sense for all visitors to modern exhibitions and the process of t tions; and the exercise of it is by now almost instinctive Is by now almost instinctive.

Mr. Alfred East and Mr.

John Lavery assisted the
local Hanging Committee;
and Lord Lathom formally
opened the exhibition, which
has as one of its chief
attractions Mr. Sargent's
portrait of Lady Lathom.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema has lately finished a picture of the Court life of the Pharaohs, doing for Egypt what previous pictures his have done for Rome. The canvas has passed into the collection of Sir John Aird, M.P., already rich in its representation of this

The Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields has CAPTIVE RUSSIAN begun its annual six months' recess. Other exhibitions have made concession after concession to the public in the days and hours of opening even the Sunday.

have made concession after concession to the public in both the days and hours of opening, even the Sunday visitor being made welcome on many Sundays of the year to the greatest of London's treasures. But the trustees of Sir John Soane have been unmoved by the general tendency; and they have made no attempt to meet those requirements of London that have increased with its population during the last hundred years. The question of expense will, of course, be pleaded; but the house is there; and the small staff would by no means need

to double its charges for an all-the-year-round attendance. Indeed, several of the candidates for the recently filled-up Curatorship would willingly have given their whole time to the duties of the post with no increase of salary. Another argument against the longer opening of the doors may easily be found in the indifference of the public to the gallery when it is not closed. But it is precisely the uncertainty of gaining access that

CAPTIVE RUSSIANS IN RICKSHAWS: JAPANESE DISPATCHING PRISONERS TO THEIR PLACE OF CONFINEMENT.

deters the visitor; and such uncertainty must be the deters the visitor; and such uncertainty must be the result of a fantastic time-table. Londoners would not neglect a charming old-world house full of treasures (including some of the finest Hogarths) if the invitation were a cordial and a plain one. A welcome "any time" does not mean no time in the case of an exhibition. On the contrary, to be bidden to the feast of the eye on specific days during restricted hours is an effectual method of turning a museum into a wilderness. turning a museum into a wilderness.

This is a time when London is without its multitude This is a time when London is without its multitude of exhibitions, those of spring and summer being for the most part dispersed, and those of autumn not yet opened But London is not quite denuded of pictures. Summer lingers in a fragmentary form in some of the galleries of Bond Street and Pall Mall. At the New Hanover Gallery, Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have done well to gather together so much of the work of Stanislas Lepine, who is necessarily interesting because he was a

who is necessarily interesting because he was a pupil of Corot. And much of his master's feeling pervades his landscapes: "St. Denis," No. 3, and "La Seine près Rouen," No. 14, are examples of most delicate tone and technique, and are painted with nique, and are painted with the caressing hand that could have learnt its lesson only from Corot. The charm of Lepine's work depends in a large degree on this reflection of so great a master's quality. The farther he wanders into his own conventions the less delightful is his painting. A large selection of his drawings reveals no very personal talent, although a skilful use of masses of black and white makes it worthy of study. But a keener delight than is afforded by any of this artist's productions awaits the visitor to the gallery. the visitor to the gallery. This is an exquisite picture by Daubigny, a very master-piece of colour. It shows a slight tree in blossom, of pale rose-colour, against a background of soft green foliage

The Japanese are no doubt much encouraged to adopt European methods; but lovers of Japanese art will not without a pang welcome the Japanese artist to the ranks of Academy exhibitors on Academic lines. Mr. S. Tozo, of Tokio, is the pioneer in this imported school of painting. He has been a student in Italy for some time, and has now produced for Bond Street a modern battle-piece. "A Skirmish on the Yalu" presents an early episode of the present war; and the victorious Japanese is seen with his sword buried in the body of the vanquished Russian. W. M.



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### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Scott Holland was welcomed back to St. Paul's by a very large congregation on the first Sunday of September, and preached with all his old fire and energy. He chose as his subject "The Thirst for God," taking his text from Psalm xlii. Among his hearers was Dr. Clifford.

The Bishop of Winchester has so much improved in health that he was able last week to consecrate a new church at Sherfield English, near Romsey The church was provided by the late Louisa Lady

pass. He is deeply mourned, not only by the students of Ripon College, but by many friends in the city and diocese.

Professor Henry Van Dyke, perhaps the most eminent of the many American visitors who have spent the summer in England, sailed by the *Oceanic* on Sept. 7 for New York. During August he visited the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber, Mr. Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle, and Professor S. H. Butcher at Killarney.

The Emergency Fund of £100,000 raised to meet claims which arise in the Scottish United Free Church

these words in the clearest, loudest tone—there was no mistaking it. 'No,' he said, 'that will be an act of injustice.' He did not know what the Bishop was thinking about, but he was perfectly certain that, whatever it was, that finished the subject, as far as Dr. Ridding was concerned. If anything was unjust there was an end of it.''

The parish of Saltley, to which Father Adderley has been appointed by his father, Lord Norton, has been in Evangelical hands since 1883. The new Vicar intends to discontinue the evening Communions, but, with that



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RAINFALL IN MANCHURIA: THE RAILWAY STATION AT TACHITCHAO AFTER A DOWNPOUR,

SCENES OF THE RUSSIAN RETREAT FROM HAI-CHENG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. MERCKEL, SUPPLIED BY PHOTO .- NOUVELLES.

Ashburton, in memory of her only daughter, the late Lady Northampton.

The Rev. J. Battersby Harford, Principal of Ripon College, sends to the *Record* an interesting account of the late Rev. W. F. Wright, who perished recently on the Grand Paradis. He describes Mr. Wright as an enthusiastic and daring, but not foolhardy, climber. He had ascended the Schreckhorn and the Finsteraarhorn already this season. Mr. Wright used to express the hope that if he were involved in a serious accident among the mountains he might be taken outright rather than linger on in a crippled condition. So it has come to

as the result of the House of Lords' judgment is now well over £60,000, and subscriptions are steadily flowing in. Out of this fund will probably come the heavy legal expenses in which the Church is involved, and also the autumnal payments to professors and ministers.

The most striking memorial tribute to the late Bishop of Southwell was that of Dr. Were, Bishop of Derby. Dr. Were, who had visited the Bishop during his illness, told a touching incident of his last days. "He was talking rapidly and incoherently, and the watchers by his side could not make out what he was saying. All of a sudden he paused, and then came

exception, he does not propose to make any drastic changes at present. In his parish magazine Mr. Adderley points out that he is not leaving St. Mark's for a comfortable family living. "The work is tremendous; the pay is £50 less than I get here, and that, you know, is not much." The appointment of a successor to Father Adderley at St. Mark's lies in the hands of the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield.

Dr. Horton, who has filled his own pulpit regularly since his return from Wiesbaden, has left town for a short September holiday. The congregation is in the charge of his assistant minister, the Rev. George Barrett.—V.





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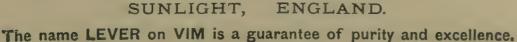
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1903), with a codicil (of Nov. 9 following), of MR. WILLIAM YOUNGMAN, J.P., of Lowestoft, brewer, who died on June 7, has been proved by Richard Clarkson Mayhew and Harry Edward Tripp, the value of the estate amounting to £180,380. The testator gives the household furniture and during her widowhood an annuity of £500 to his wife, Mrs. Amelia Youngman; £1000 to the Lowestoft Hospital; £1000 to the Lowestoft Hospital; £1000 to the Lowestoft Parish Church; £500 each to his executors; and his share and interest in the business of Youngman, Preston, and Co. to his daughter Mrs. Lorina Hill Walton. The residue of his property he leaves to his grandchildren and the issue of any deceased grandchild.

The will of Mr. RICHARD GRAINGER ATKINSON SHARP, of Sissinghurst Grange, near Cranbrook, who died on July 8, has been proved by Morgan Jones and Henry Liddell Grainger, the value of the estate amounting to £98,332. The testator gives the household and personal articles to his wife, Mrs. Bessie Fanny Geraldine Sharp, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property, in trust to pay the income thereof to hur far life or widow. in trust, to pay the income thereof to her for life or widowhood, and then for his children equally.

The will (dated May 6, 1902) of MR. WILLIAM AYRES, of Clifton House, Mall Road, Hammersmith, who died on May 31, was proved on Sept. 7 by Francis Truefitt and Millar Wilkinson, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £95,568. The testator devises all his property in London, Middlesex, Surrey, Bucks, and Oxford, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Maud Elizabeth Crofts for life, with remainder to her daughter,

Genevive Madi Crofts, with remainder to her sons in tail male. He gives £300 and an annuity of £50, the rents and profits from two houses in King Street, W., a policy for £650, and the furniture, etc., at his premises in Jermyn Street and Bury Street, St. James's, to his wife; £100 each to his executors; and a few small legacies. The residue of his personal estate is to be applied in the purchase of land in Oxford and Bucks, to be held upon like trusts as those of his settled property.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1875), with three codicils, of Captain Simeon Charles Lousada, of Shelburne Hall, Cheltenham, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Sept. 7 by Herbert George Lousada, the nephew, Miss Ethel Mary Marker, and Thomas John Marker, the value of the estate being £68,462. The testator gives £4000 each to his sons Bertie Charles and Edward Arthur; and £50 each to his executors. The rest and Arthur; and £50 each to his executors. The rest and remainder of his property he leaves to his children, the share of a daughter to be less by one half than the share of a son.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1902), with a codicil (of Aug. 9, 1904), of ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON, of Bearhill Park, Walton-on-Thames, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 6 by the Duke of Wellington and Henry Lefevre Farrer, the value of the estate being £13,275. The testatrix bequeaths certain estate being £13,275. The testatrix bequeaths certain jewels and other articles given to her by the King and the late Queen Victoria, to members of her family; and legacies and annuities to servants. The residue of her property she leaves as to three sixths to the daughters of her late sister Lady Louisa Jane Ramsay, two sixths to the daughters of her sister Lady Jane

Taylor, and one sixth to the daughters of her sister Lady Emily Peel.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1903) of MARY ISABELLA, DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS HOOD, of Rothwell Grange, Kettering, who died on July 18, has been proved by the Hon. Alexander Frederick Hood, the son, and Clement Upperton, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,397. The testatrix gives £100 each to her executors; £150 each to her granddaughters Grace Mary Watson and Evelyn Horatia Watson; £200 each to her brothers the Rev. Frederick Manners Stopford and Joseph Stopford; £100 to her sister Horatia C. Stopford; £200 to S. C. Arnold; £100 to Julia Miller; and a piece of land on the Thrapton Road to the trustees of the settlement of the Barton Seagrave estates. The residue of her property she leaves to her sons Albert and Alexander Frederick. sons Albert and Alexander Frederick.

Messrs. Jas. Hennessy and Co. have published a further edition of their artistic telephone memorandum, and are willing to post a copy to any person forwarding a postcard to them, c.o. 47, Mark Lane.

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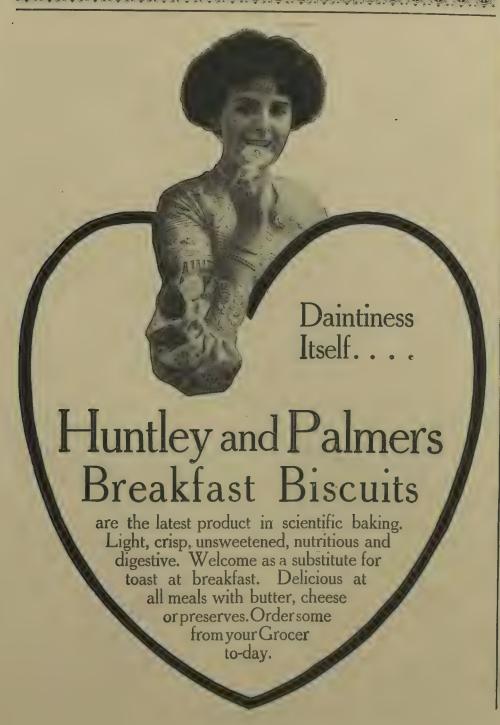
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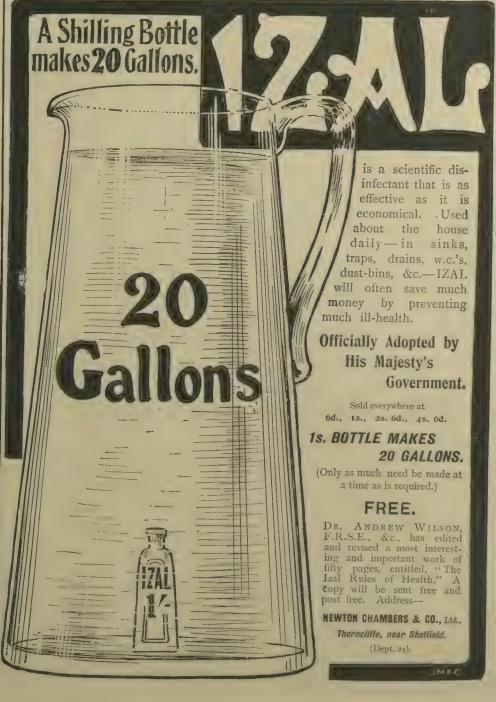
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### THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MERELY MARY ANN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The success of "Merely Mary Ann" at the Duke of York's Theatre is made rather by Miss Eleanor Robson, York's Theatre is made rather by Miss Eleanor Robson, chief interpreter, than by Mr. Zangwill, author of this modern fairy-tale, this Dickensian fantasy, this new version of the old legend of Dick Swiveller and his "Marchioness." Miss Robson is one of those young American actresses who possess and can express temperamental charm, and through three of the four acts of Mr. Zangwill's comedy she enchants everybody by the musical tones the appealing manner, the parby the musical tones, the appealing manner, the persuasive air of innocence with which she endows the playwright's heroine. As the exalted heiress of the last act Miss Robson seems out of her element, but in the garb and guise of the humble, sweet-natured, dreamy-eyed kitchen drudge she is invariably natural and delightful. Not that Mr. Zangwill should be denied credit for inventing so pathetic and winning a figure as credit for inventing so pathetic and winning a figure as this little lodging-house slavey, with her pretty Somerset-shire burr, her meek devotion to the lordly young com-poser, who objects to her red hands and her amazing ignorance of evil. But then we look for something more than dainty sentiment from our great romancer of the Ghetto. In "Merely Mary Ann" Mr. Zangwill writes down to the supposed level of the theatrical public, and

while he affords a taste of his true humour in his lodging-house types, he cannot be thanked for introducing such odious caricatures as his motor-maniac and other sham Belgravians, or for spoiling his idyll by transferring its *milieu* to a conventional drawing-room. For Mary Ann, however, we can be grateful to him and to Miss Robson. Of Miss Robson's chief supporters, Mr. Du Maurier, with his easy, well-bred manner, quite outshines Mr. Ainley, who, for all his picturesqueness, is far too self-conscious to realise the condescending hero of Mary Ann's worship.

"THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE LYRIC.

Revised, re-dressed, and now transferred to a redecorated theatre, the extravaganza of "The Earl and the Girl" has all the piquancy of novelty, as well as all the charm of an old friend. The success of the former Savoy company in musical comedy is an old story now, but no less evident at the Lyric than at the Adelphi Theatre. The popularity of such favourite tunes as those of "Sammy" and "Cosy Corner" might have seemed waning, yet last Monday Miss Louie Pounds' rendering of "Sammy" was greeted even more effusively than her artistic singing of a new owl ballad, entitled "To Hoo, To You." This is only one of many bright "turns" which have been added to the score; others are a duet, "The Patchwork Garden," for Mr. Passmore and Miss Florence Lloyd; a "gondola" song for Mr. Evett; a topical ditty, "The Man Behind," for Mr. Morand; and a fantastic international dance for nimble Miss Hart Dyke and her fellow-coryphées.

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE. For their new Vaudeville "musical comedy," "The Catch of the Season," Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton adapted the tale of "Cinderella," and have carried out their notion tolerably well. Prince Charming is transformed into a young Duke, who gives a ball in Mayfair; and as Mr. Hicks rattles through the Duke's rôle with characteristic impetuosity, and makes love to the heroine very charmingly and boyishly, the sentimental side of the piece is bound to please; the more so as the modern Cinderella finds a pretty representative in Miss Zena Dare, whose singing and acting are almost as dainty as Miss Ellaline Terriss's. Even the fairy godmother appears, in the genial person of the fairy godmother appears, in the genial person of Miss Rosina Filippi, as an aunt of the heroine who brings a wonderful ball-dress from Paris. So far, the lines of the old story are fairly closely followed, but in the ball-scene coherence disappears. Cinderella pretends to be Irish, and sings a dashing Irish ditty. Mr. Hicks as the Duke, and a chorus of ladies describe in song the joys of church parade. Some "Gibson girls" enter, but their costumes are

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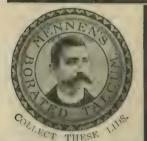
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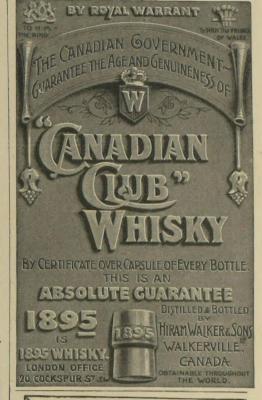
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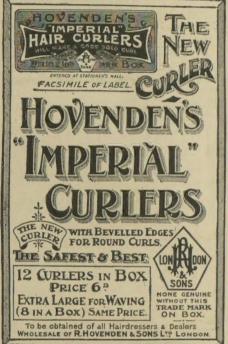
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It is a far cry from a third-rate London lodging-house to a well-appointed country mansion, and there is much value in contrast, and so the effect of the final act in the new comedy at the Duke of York's Theatre is heightened by the charm of the scene in which it is played, succeeding as it does the shabby gentility of Mrs. Leadbatter's lodging-house in South London, where the hero first meets "Merely Mary Ann." But Mary Ann is seen later in the drawing-room of Mead Manor Hall, where she is being transformed from a grub to a butterfly; and here Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, W., have been able to bring to hear their tasts and experience in been able to bring to bear their taste and experience in providing charming stage pictures with excellent effect.

### MUSIC.

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are drawing large audiences, and deservedly so, for, together with the excellence of the performance, is a very welcome novelty of programme. Last week alone saw the production of half-a-dozen works, new so far as London is concerned. On Tuesday the most remarkable one was a Symphony in A by Paul Juon, a Russian, with the inherent Russian melancholy and semi-barbaric melody underlying his original scheme of composition. He has, however, graduated in the German school of orchestration, with the result of a somewhat complex composition, of fresh, original, rhythmic themes dominated by a severe, dry, almost academic instrumentation. It is music that deserves a second hearing before justice can be done to it. Another Russian, Edouard Schütt, provided a pianoforte concerto, in which Mr. Carl Weber played the solo pianoforte part. The work displayed brilliancy and a pleasing vitality, without any great originality or solidity of construction. On Thursday night a new ballade for contralto and orchestra, by Mr. Norman O'Neill, was produced It is entitled "Death on the Hills." Miss Grainger Kerr sang the solo part brilliantly, and the work, while gloomy and sombre, evinced freshness and originality. A first hearing in London was given to a serenade for flute and strings by Theodor Gouvy, in which Mr. Albert Fransella played the solo part with commendable execution and skill.

It is delightful and most welcome news that an autumn opera season has taken definite shape at Covent Garden. The season will begin on Oct. 15 with the entire company of the San Carlo Theatre from Naples. They undertake to bring over a great variety of operas. of operas.

It is announced that Mr. Frederick Merer will take a farewell benefit at the Fulham Theatre on Monday afternoon, Sept. 19, after a service of seven years as general manager. An attractive programme has been

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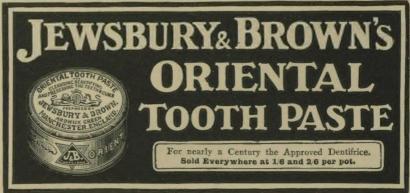
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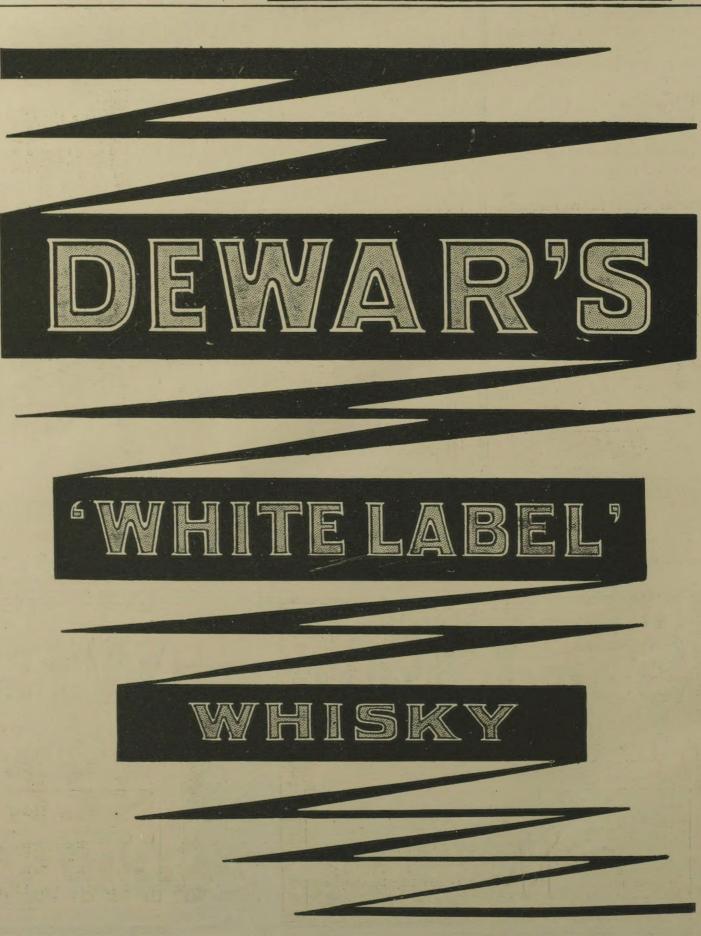








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Mr. MACLURCAN, Port Commissioner, Rangoon, India, writes, Nov. 23, 1903, to Messrs. Aitchison & Co., London-

"As to efficiency they [No. 8 Aitchison Prism Binoculars] are beyond question. As an officer and commander of vessels and Hydrographic Surveyor, I have had about 40 years' experience of all sorts of glasses. They are the most powerful I have ever used. I have a [mentions eminent maker] Pancratic Telescope—and no mean instrument either—but your Binoculars are just as powerful. They are splendid glasses."

Lieutenant W. R. LEDGARD, R.N., H.M.S. "Thetis," China Station, writes, May 10, 1904, to Messrs. Aitchison & Co., London-

"I received the Prism Binoculars [Aitchison No. 12]. Am very pleased with them, and find them very efficient both for day and night work."

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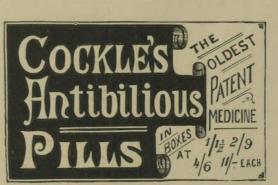
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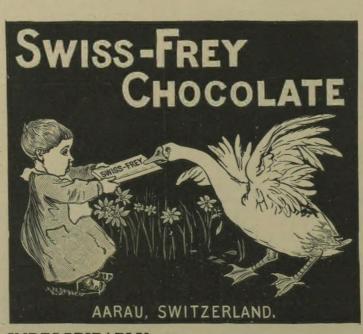
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